

Silver Screen

BACHELOR MOTHERS
OF HOLLYWOOD!

April

10¢

England

the
child

on
by



MORALITY RULES FOR MARRIED MOVIE STARS



“—and don't forget your PASSPORT *to* POPULARITY”



WHAT difference does it make how attractive, how well-dressed, how witty you are, if you've got a case of halitosis (bad breath)? It's the one thing people will not pardon . . . a fault that stamps you a walking nuisance . . . *and a condition that you yourself may not detect.* Often it's due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and there's a remedy for this condition.

The soundest bit of advice any girl or man can receive is to rinse the mouth

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Before Business and Social Engagements . . . use Listerine Antiseptic for Halitosis (BAD BREATH)



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Your smile is yours alone...far too precious to risk!

Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

THE EYE-CATCHING smartness of a new Easter bonnet—how quickly it captures a man's glance! But once his attention is halted, it takes a bright and winning smile to hold him.

For no girl can make a lasting impression with a dull and dingy smile. Don't let *yourself* in for this tragic mistake. Never neglect your teeth and gums. Never dismiss lightly that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist at once! It may not indicate anything serious, but let him decide. Often, he will tell you your gums have grown tender, flabby

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Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile you can be proud of!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The Opening Chorus

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

There is something very incongruous about me being at one of Dame May Whitty's veddy veddy British cocktail parties—but there I was, and invited, too. My escort, one of those low vulgar people, made quite a point of what he should call Dame May Whitty, and imagine my embarrassment when I heard him say, "Howya, Dame." I gave him the brush-off as quickly as possible and when last seen he was telling his Fu Manchu story to Nigel Bruce who said, "Very amusing, old boy," and didn't understand a word of it, I hope. I certainly pick 'em.

Anyway, there I was up to my ears in English, with a few intellectuals thrown in, just to confuse me further. I never before met Boris Karloff out socially, but if I expected a Dracula I was certainly disappointed. Mr. Karloff is very shy, hardly speaks above a whisper, and loves to talk about his dogs, of which he has dozens. Herbert Marshall (*known as Bart*), looking more handsome than ever, was there with his Lee Russell whom he will marry just as soon as his divorce from Edna Best is final. I talked a long time with Vivien Leigh (*and would be talking still if Alec Woolcott, the Man Who Came to Dinner, hadn't barged in*), who is definitely one of the nicest things that ever happened to Hollywood. Vivien said that her only criticism of "Gone With the Wind" was that it didn't show how hard she worked for more than six months without a day off. She and Larry Olivier are all enthused over their tour of "Romeo and Juliet" which will start in April—they really love the stage those two. And each other.

Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine arrived with sister Olivia and immediately every detachable man in the room crowded around Miss Melanie. Olivia's easily the most popular girl in Hollywood. And what an actress, when given the opportunity. Brian has to do retakes on "Vigil in the Night" and Joan has to do retakes on "Rebecca" and then they are both off to New York to do a stage play. It will be Joan's first visit to New York, and first appearance behind the footlights, so you can just imagine how thrilled she is. Chatted with George Cukor who has lost sixty pounds, which infuriated me no end as I can't even lose one. I had to use a little pressure, but I finally managed to make those two grand actresses, Flora Robson and Una O'Connor, speak to me—the English theatre I have noticed isn't as palsy as the American theatre. But I must admit I've never had a more cordial and amusing hostess than Dame May Whitty. I must get her into my gang.

Liza

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

APRIL, 1940

VOLUME TEN
NUMBER SIX

Silver Screen

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V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St.,
Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive
careful attention but SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in
the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. Changes of address
must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered
as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.
Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1940 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A.

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A MAN AND A WOMAN
fleeing nameless terror...through angry
seas and the tropics' dangers...yearn-
ing for the peace they had never known,
the happiness they could find only in
each other's arms...You'll remember
this star-crowded Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer picture as one of the great
emotional experiences of the year!



CLARK JOAN
GABLE • CRAWFORD

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Dramatic Triumph

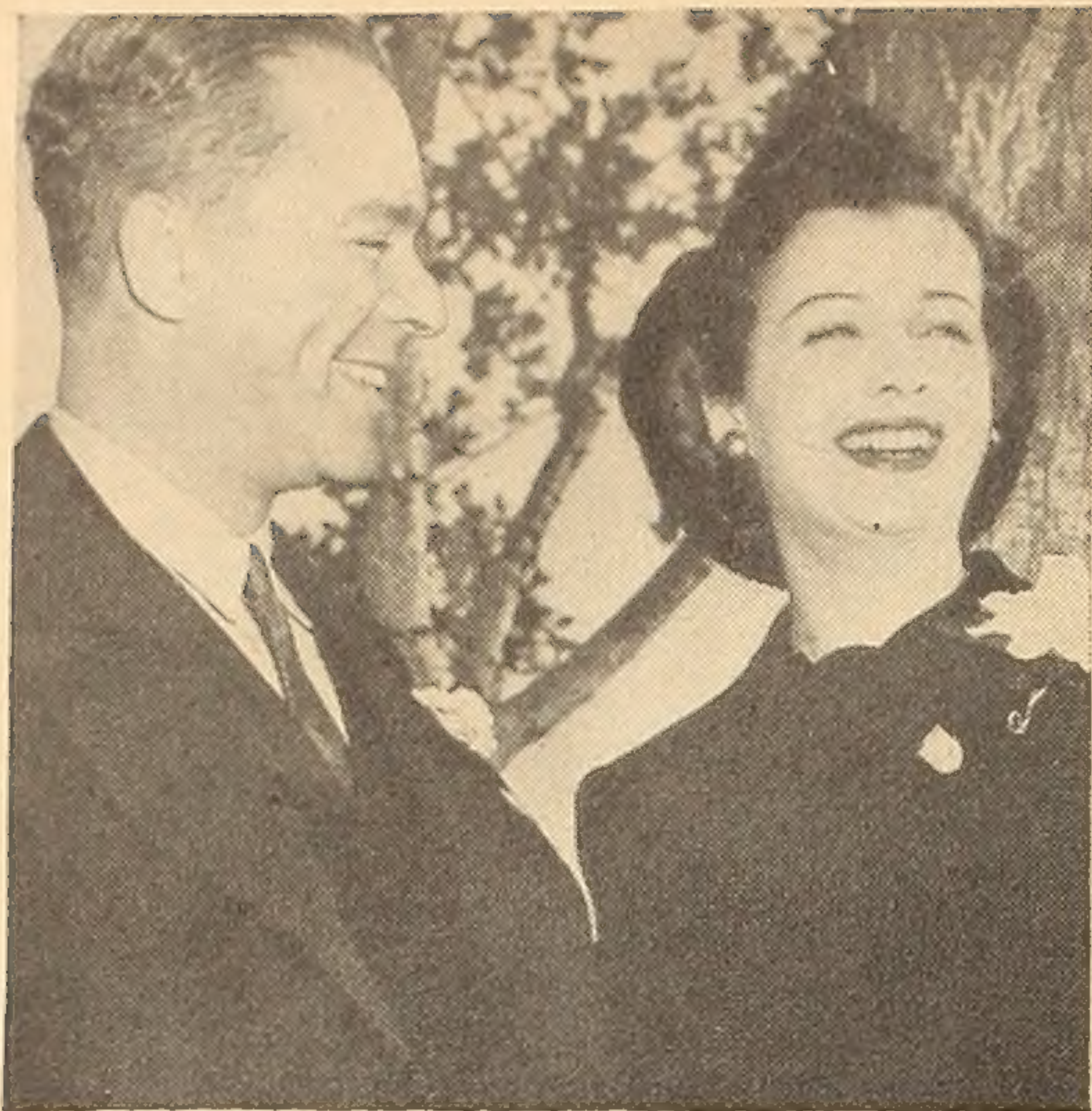
STRANGE CARGO

with IAN HUNTER

PETER LORRE • PAUL LUKAS
ALBERT DEKKER • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
EDUARDO CIANNELLI

A FRANK BORZAGE *Production*

Screen Play by Lawrence Hazard • Directed by Frank Borzage
Based on the Book "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" by Richard Sale
Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz



Happy-hearted Walter Wanger and his bride, Joan Bennett, shortly after the surprise ceremony was performed.

HEDY LAMARR'S flooding fan mail has forced the star to hire two extra secretaries to help answer the letters. These secretaries report a new quirk in fan picture requests. The girls are writing in asking for both a front view photo and a profile—which can mean only one thing: they are wanted for purposes of duplication.

Any minute now the country is going to be over-run with Hedy Lamarrs. Remember when every other girl you saw was a Jean Harlow, or a Joan Crawford?

The girl fans, according to the secretaries, ask mainly about Hedy's eyes. They want to know what Hedy does to enhance their brilliance. The answer is "Nothing." Hedy was born with them that way, lucky girl.

Right now a new theme is cropping forth in the letters. Hedy wears long, sweeping peasant dresses which have struck the fancy of her fans. The girls want to know the color, material, and patterns.

Fearful that a nation of girls in Hedy Lamarr peasant dresses might look strange, Hedy's friends are begging her to give out with more glamorous attire in her public appearances.

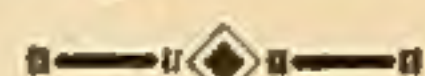


At a party at the Trocadero recently Hedy and her husband, Gene Markey (who used to be married to Joan Bennett),

Hollywood Earfuls

What's being buzzed around about the gayer activities of your favorites

and Joan Bennett with her new bridegroom, Walter Wanger, met, and spoke, for the first time in months and months. It's common knowledge that Hedy resents Joan changing the color of her hair from blonde to brunette and looking more like Hedy Lamarr than Hedy does herself. For hours the photographers tried to fenagle Joan and Hedy into a group so they could take their pictures together. But neither Joan nor Hedy showed the slightest interest in being together.



Bob Hope says that now that Joan Bennett has married Walter Wanger, Hollywood has lost its Lone Wanger.



Claudette Colbert has just returned from a ten-day skiing vacation at Sugar Bowl, Norden, California, which will soon be giving Sun Valley, Idaho, some stiff competition. It snowed for five days and the guests in the little hotel were completely snowed in. "It was great fun," said Claudette. "The lights went off, the telephone went dead, the food gave out, and finally I had to put on my skis and ski through a blinding snowstorm five miles to the village to bring back the groceries. My, it was fun."

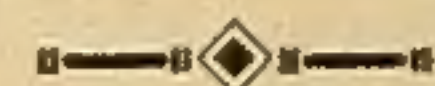
Isn't it amazing what movie stars will do on a vacation and call it fun! If the lights had gone out in the Colbert home in Holmby Hills, and the telephone gone dead, Claudette would probably have had a fit and given the light company a pretty piece of her mind. And you can just

Right: Mrs. Brian Aherne (Joan Fontaine) looks startled as she is snapped dancing with her husband. Below: Director Anatole Litvak gets emphatic for Jimmy Stewart and Olivia De Havilland, latest Hollywood twosome.



Cesar Romero does his best to hear what Joan Crawford is whispering into Ann Sothern's ear. He's a frequent escort for Joan, among many others.

imagine what would have happened if the cook had asked her to run over to Beverly Hills and bring back a few groceries. But Claudette's just like the rest of us. What's fun on a vacation is just a darned nuisance at home.



Greg Bautzer, popular young lawyer, likes to boast that he has a habeas corpus on Lana Turner. And a mighty pretty corpus it is.



Speaking of dancing, newest competition for the rumba and conga is the "Varsoviano," which Dolores Del Rio is teaching her friends. It's a traditional Mexican (Continued on page 17)





Oh, the "Road to Singapore"

Is a picture you'll adore . . .

If it's laughter you are after

You'll be rolling on the floor . . .

Join us somewhere East of Suez

On our tuneful tropic tour . . .

And you'll lose those winter bluez

As your heart thrills to Lamour . . .

Bing and Bob

*Just a couple of hitch hikers
on the "Road to Singapore"*



DOROTHY LAMOUR.
who causes that traffic jam
on the "Road to Singapore"

Paramount presents
"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"

with **BING CROSBY · DOROTHY LAMOUR · BOB HOPE**
Charles Coburn · Judith Barrett · Anthony Quinn · Jerry Colonna
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER · Screen Play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler · Based on a Story by Harry Hervey

SARONGS . . . SARONGS . . . AND MORE SARONGS



SONGS . . . SONGS . . . AND MORE SONGS . . .



IN EVERY circle, there are women who lead and women who follow. That is how Tampax has spread so rapidly, from friend to friend, throughout the nation, until over 225,000,000 have been sold.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is worn internally, thus solving many problems of monthly sanitary protection. It does away with chafing, wrinkling and "showing." Of course Tampax is invisible, and the wearer does not even feel it. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes to you hygienically sealed. By a patented method, your hands do not touch the Tampax! It is dainty beyond comparison.

Tampax lets you dance without care and travel with a light heart. It cannot come apart and is easily disposed of. No belts, pins or odor. Now sold in three sizes: Super, Regular and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) saves up to 25%.

Read about the 3 sizes

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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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Checking On Their Comments

By Frederick James Smith



Left: "Bette Davis was lucky not to be cursed with beauty," declares Anita Louise. Lower left: "I wore six inch heels built into special shoes, so that I had to navigate like a toe dancer," explains Lon Chaney, Jr., about his role in "Of Mice and Men." Below: "When I got off the boat with my little child, my Pia, the press agents were upset," surprisingly admits Ingrid Bergman.



ANITA LOUISE rises to remark that beauty is a terrible handicap, a dreadful drawback to a Hollywood career. After I caught my breath, Anita went on to say—

"Beautiful, but dumb! That's what they say. So you're put in the background, like a lovely piece of furniture, to dress up the scene. You never get a decent role. You're cast for the hero's quiet little sister or the heroine's selfish, but pretty, cousin. The directors just can't visualize you as being able to think or act. So you go on playing marshmallow morons. Hand you a real role, the kind you can get your teeth into? Well, hardly.

"In all my Hollywood career I've had just two roles with anything to them. I did a murderess 'way back in 'The Firebird.' And nobody asked me to blink my eyes and look angelic in 'The Glamour Girls.'



"Bette Davis was lucky not to be cursed with beauty. So was Katharine Cornell. They had a chance to get roles on the screen and on the stage. They'll last. The career of anyone cursed with a nice face is just for the moment. It's just a flash in the pan, and I'm not joking. Hollywood is surfeited with loveliness."

So, as I write, Anita has quit Hollywood for the moment to find the right answer to it all. She's been making personal appearances, playing the harp of all things. Still, that's probably rebellion of a kind against sweet roles. But I disagree with the lovely Anita. What's cleverness and ability to a lyric face and a sym-

The stars may say one thing and inwardly mean another, so let's check and find out

phonic figure? Who are the best remembered ladies of history? The Helens of Troy, the Maintenons, the lovelies who upset kings and generals.

LON CHANEY, JR., says he liked playing the slow-witted Lennie in "Of Mice and Men" because it reminded him of the old days. At twelve, the Junior Chaney was a migratory fruit picker such as John Steinbeck pictured in his play. But things were tougher in that lazy, unsocial minded era. Listen to Lon's comments:

"We workers had no cook shacks or bunk houses then. We did our own cooking, when and if we could. And we slept under the trees. Usually wrapped in a blanket. We got a dollar a day—and liked it. So, you see, it was easy for me to understand the problems of Lennie and his pal.

"Lennie was built up from my own height of six feet, three and a half, to six feet, nine. Padded to weigh an extra sixty pounds or a grand total of 285. How did they get the height? I wore six inch heels built into special shoes, so that I had to navigate like a toe dancer. The very first day of shooting we worked over eight hours making the escape of Lennie and George from the armed posse, the shots you see at the very opening. This was a wild run over freshly plowed ground, we did it over and over, you can imagine how my muscles felt that night. I really thought I was licked in my first real role, but somehow I managed to get going next day, aching muscles and all. I remembered all the things—straps and braces and trick contrivances that my father had worn to get bizarre effects and how he'd work in them without a murmur—so I made myself stick and do my best."

Chaney, Junior, was eight years trying to find a place for himself in films. The name of Chaney meant nothing in forgetful Hollywood. So he battled for a chance. Stunt man, bits, tiny roles, anything. Tossed off dozens of cliffs, did hundreds of falls from galloping horses. And he had many a tough moment without a job. But he was bent upon living up to the Chaney tradition. Now he seems to have arrived. He's worked hard and deserves your plaudits. Step up, Junior, and take a bow.

WHAT is the Lubitsch touch? I put the question across a Hotel Ambassador luncheon table in New York to Ernst Lubitsch, himself. If anyone could explain it, he ought to be able. But did he?

"You wouldn't ask a magician how he does his neatest piece of legerdemain, would you? How he makes that lady vanish is his secret, isn't it? Is it fair to ask me then? Seriously, it's just looking at life with a kindly eye. And, I hope and

[Continued on page 14]

Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?



Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm!
Keep safe from underarm odor—each day use Mum!

"AND HE fell in love with her for life!" A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in *real* life too... when you're lovely to be near always... when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns—or kisses... just *which* you get depends on *you*!

So don't take chances. For where is the girl who can dare risk underarm odor—and expect to get away with it?

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to prevent underarm odor! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*. To avoid odor *to come*... more women use Mum

than any other deodorant. Mum is so *dependable*—keeps underarms fresh all day!

SAVES TIME! Takes 30 seconds. And you can use Mum *right after* you're dressed.

SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

SAVES ROMANCE! Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (Men like this pleasant cream, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure... use Mum *every* day!

CONVENIENT! SAFE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY



Avoid Embarrassment...

Because Mum is so safe...and so dependable...more women use it for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Try Mum this way, too!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Tips on Pictures

The ones to see and the ones to miss!

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS (RKO)

—If the name of Raymond Massey hasn't meant much to you, it will after you see the man give the best portrayal of Lincoln ever seen on screen or stage. Gene Lockhart as Stephen Douglas; Alan Baxter as Lincoln's law partner; and Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd head a superb supporting cast. There should be a law for more pictures like this.

A CHILD IS BORN (Warners)—The picture is very much in keeping with its title, so that it is definitely not for the entire family. It's not the sort of thing a young couple about to be married would especially enjoy seeing, nor will the male contingent be happy about it. Its appeal is limited even though Geraldine Fitzgerald is in it.

ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS (Paramount)—Just in case audiences wouldn't be interested in Isa Miranda, Italian importation, Paramount borrowed George Brent from Warners to be her leading man in this tale of a diamond thief and his charming accomplice in South Africa. It was a wise move and gives sparkle to an ordinary plot and dialogue.

BROTHER RAT AND A BABY (Warners)—If this picture doesn't make a star of Eddie Albert we'll be greatly surprised. It's grand and hilarious comedy without letdown and Eddie's right in the midst of all of it. Priscilla Lane, Jane Bryan,

Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman and a wonder-child, Peter B. Good, all contribute to make it a prize laugh-getter and gloom chaser.

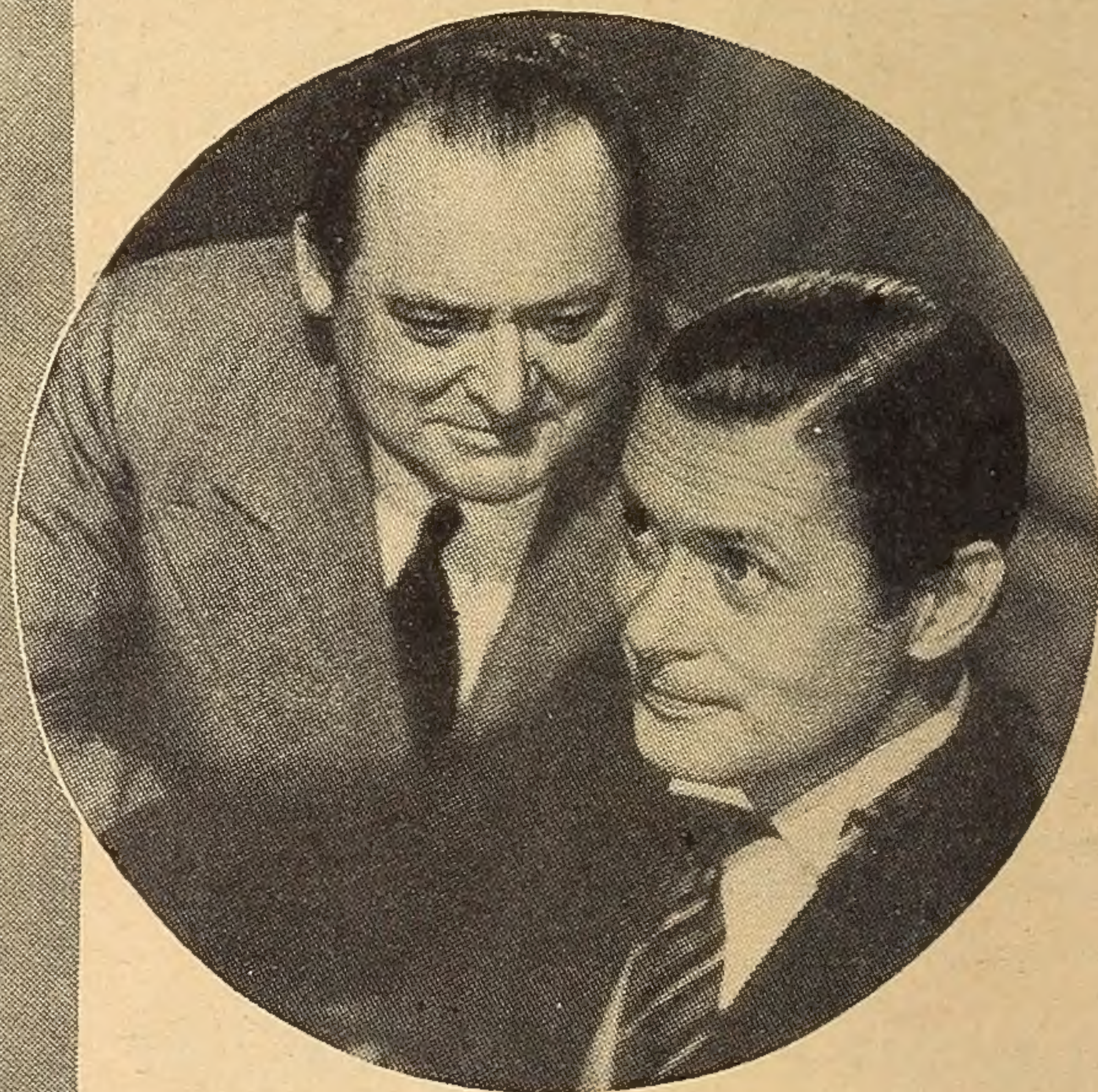
CALLING PHILO VANCE (Warners)

—James Stephenson turns in a topnotch job in the title role despite a story which is none too convincing. You may have seen this flicker once before when it was called "Kennel Murder Case." Henry O'Neill, Edward Brophy, Margot Stephenson and Sheila Bromley are also in the cast.

CITY OF CHANCE (20th Century-Fox)—You'll thoroughly enjoy this melo-



Upper right: The affectionate little lady with Pat O'Brien is Ruth Terry who appears with him in "Slightly Honorable." *Right:* A tense moment from "Sidewalks of London," which co-stars Charles Laughton and Vivien Leigh. It was made in England. One to see!



Edward Arnold and Robert Montgomery in "The Earl of Chicago" which definitely should not be missed. It's a treat!

A very gay party scene from "Invisible Stripes," with ex-convict Humphrey Bogart announcing he's joining up again with the old gang.

drama which has Lynn Bari as a girl reporter, posing as a gal from Texas, visit a huge gambling house in order to get an exposé story for her paper. Donald Woods is the youthful operator of the place and it develops they used to be childhood sweethearts. Lynn Bari qualifies for more important roles.

CONGO MAISIE (M-G-M)—Ann Sothorn as Maisie again and continuing to be particularly amusing. She gets stranded in West Africa and winds up on a rubber plantation where she proves quite the heroine when the natives put on the war paint. John Carroll is her leading man. Other standouts in the cast are Sheppard Strudwick and Rita Johnson.

EARL OF CHICAGO (M-G-M)—Thank goodness Robert Montgomery is back making pictures again. This is a decided treat with Bob cast as a Chicago thug who inherits an earldom and fortune in England. Edward Arnold, as his lawyer, is marvelous and so is the rest of the cast. Oddly enough, the story is without romance, but you won't miss it because there's so much else.

FIGHTING 69th (Warners)—This is a truly great picture and comes at a most opportune time. It's an appealing story of a regiment, so convincing and effectively done that you forget you're watching a movie. Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and George Brent never were better. By all means, see it.

GRAPES OF WRATH (20th Century-Fox)—It was wondered how John Steinbeck's sensational novel possibly could be brought to the screen without sacrificing its forcefulness. Well, Darryl Zanuck has done it and done it perfectly. So chalk up another triumph for him. Nothing more expertly produced ever has come out of Hollywood.

GREEN HELL (Universal)—A hokey jungle story, none too well directed, which fails to impress despite the presence of Joan Bennett, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., John Howard, Vincent Price, Alan Hale and George Bancroft.

HARVEST (French)—Unquestionably the best foreign film in quite a while. It tells a simple story of a man who refused to leave his village after all others had deserted it and who, with the help of a wandering girl, saves it from absolute ruin. It teaches us that if we take advantage of the gifts of nature we are bound to progress and reap a harvest.

HE MARRIED HIS WIFE (20th Century-Fox)—Nancy Kelly is the big surprise in this hilarious film because she plays a comedy role in tiptop tempo and even Mary Boland fails to overshadow her. Joël McCrea, Roland Young, Cesar Romero, Lyle Talbot are in the cast.

HENRY GOES ARIZONA (M-G-M)—Frank Morgan is a small-time vaudeville comedian who inherits a ranch in Arizona, and as a result gets involved in all kinds of excitement with a bunch of murderous crooks. Virginia Weidler handles the comedy. [Continued on page 16]

... COLUMBIA, THE STUDIO OF GREAT COMEDIES,

"It Happened One Night" . . "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"
.. "The Awful Truth" . . You Can't Take It With You" . .
"Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" . . is proud to present
a picture that will take its place high in a notable list!



Reproduction of
a painting by
the noted artist,
BRADSHAW
CRANDELL

WESLEY RUGGLES'

Too Many Husbands

starring

JEAN ARTHUR

FRED

MELVYN

MacMURRAY • DOUGLAS

Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES • Screen play by CLAUDE BINYON
Based on the play by W. Somerset Maugham • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Watch for it at your favorite theatre!

Appear **SLIMMER** instantly!



Smooth Out UGLY FAT BULGES

Wear SMALLER SIZE Dresses

**TEST THYNMOLD
10 DAYS
at our expense!**

YOU can have that suave, smooth, flowing figure... that slimmer silhouette! Stand before a mirror in an ordinary foundation... then notice the uncontrolled waist and hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see for yourself how the ugly bumps and bulging waist and hips are instantly slimmed out.

Not only will your figure appear more slender, but you'll actually be able to wear smaller size dresses... even in the exacting new styles!

After wearing a Thynmold for 10 days, make the Mirror Test again... if it doesn't do everything you expect... it will cost you nothing!

MADE OF FAMOUS PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

Thynmold is made of pure Para rubber, interlined and perforated for comfort. The unique combination of Girdle and Brassiere gives support and freedom impossible in the usual one-piece foundations. Laced back permits adjustment for change in size.

We want you to be *thrilled* with your new Thynmold! That's why we make it *easy* for you to test Thynmold for 10 days at our expense.



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FREE COPY of
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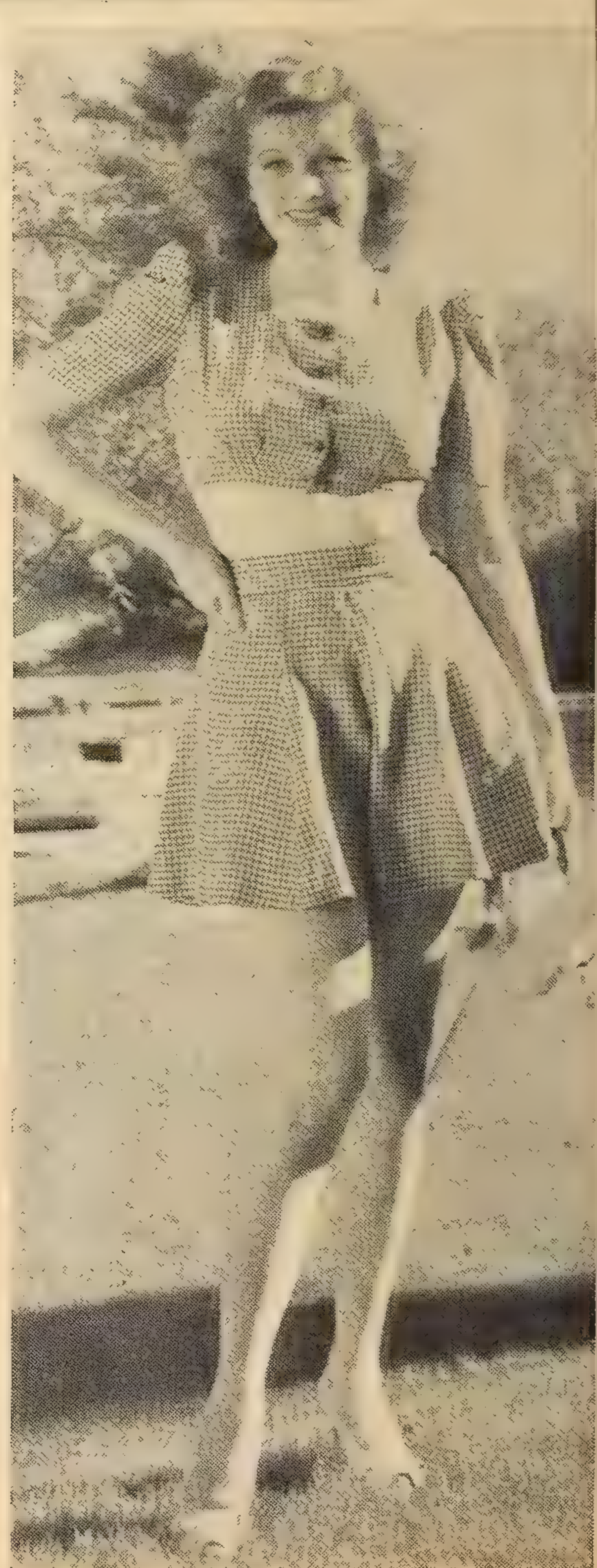
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Glamour

Lucille Ball, featured in RKO-Radio Pictures, gives practical, easy-to-follow ideas to acquire glamour.

LUCILLE BALL looks glamorous. That was my first impression when I met her late one afternoon in a photographer's studio. She had been posing since two in the afternoon; forty shots had been made; she had changed her costume, adjusted the red-gold curls, redone her lips, and wet them (*a preliminary to every photographic smile*), at least a dozen times. Nevertheless, she could still look glamorous the instant the photographer said, "Ready."

Always expect a shock the first time you see a star. Either you see a normally attractive person, so far removed from screen glamour that you are slightly amazed; or you see a person so much, much more of everything than the screen can ever show, that you are positively speechless. Lucille Ball has the advantage of the startling color of a Titian type, and so her person gives you so much more than ordinary photography ever could. In this color lies much of her glamour. Her red-gold hair has an airy, shining beauty. Her eyes are very blue and wide, with an expectant, questioning expression. They are eager eyes. Her up-



Even Glamour Girls have beauty problems and Lucille Ball frankly talks about hers

By Mary Lee

per lashes are long and darkened with good effect. I can conscientiously use the word "alabaster" to describe her skin. One other Hollywood star I know also has this skin, Margot Grahame. A skin so fine, so fair, so flawless that it looks almost transparent. A beautiful skin to have; a real problem to care for.

At first, Lucille posed in a black velvet robe *de style*, with a long, white fox evening coat. There was a jeweled bib necklace at her throat, and several matching bracelets at her wrist. For some color shots, she held two gigantic and gorgeous orchids, although she does not care for them for personal wear. Later, she changed to an evening gown of cloud pink, with a very bouffant skirt and a precious fitted jacket of iridescent sequins. The pastel flickers of that jacket were beautiful with her hair and skin. Outside the dressing-room hung a saucy red jacket, the edges bound in black braid, and a simple lemon yellow wool frock. These, I guessed belonged to her day-time wardrobe.

I asked Lucille how she kept that hair so bright and shining.

"My hair has had to take a lot," she said. "The color has been changed many times for pictures. However, I find that constant brushing is my answer. When I can't have it done, I do it, myself. Once a week, I have a castile shampoo followed by a vinegar rinse. When I'm under a drier, I usually knit or study my lines."

A simple formula for beautiful hair, and sufficient for many. More brushing, and there'd be more beautiful heads. For those who want a good castile shampoo, let me suggest Conti's Barcelona Castile Shampoo. It contains pure olive and other mild oils, and gives hair a lovely, lustrous and youthful look. Any of the prepared brightening rinses or vinegar or lemon may be used afterwards.

"I know," continued Lucille, emerging from a glamour pose of thrown-back head, with half-closed eyes and parted lips, "you won't approve of my skin care, because I steam my face. I am a cream girl, and I first remove all make-up. Then I wring a cloth out of warm water, hold it to my face and apply fresh cream. I smooth this on and let it stay as long as possible. I remove with tissues, rinse first in warm water, then in cold. This seems to keep my skin in good condition."

There is no one set skin care routine for all. Here, let me add, that every skin is a case unto itself. Some do well on soap and water alone, especially the young; some need more creams, while the majority need a combination of both cleansers—some of each. Lucille likes the Dorothy Gray creams. There are, among others, three splendid cleansers. Cleansing Cream is liquefying and is recommended for normal and oily skins. Salon Cold Cream is both a cleanser and a softener and is ideal for medium dry skin. For real dries, there is Cream 683, which is also very [Continued on page 69]

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Checking on Their Comments

[Continued from page 9]

like to think, with a degree of intelligence.

"The screen has been growing up in the fifteen years I have been making pictures over here. It got into long pants with the coming of sound. Now films are so vastly superior to the so-called legitimate theatre that the comparison is startling. The once dignified stage is shoddy, it is dirty, it makes its points with a sledge-hammer. Now and then a superior play is written. A season is lucky to have one. The films are infinitely superior in tone, in mental calibre, in progress. Consider the number of intelligent pictures emerging from Hollywood in twelve months.

"Our trouble lies in getting good stories. Hollywood consumes such a vast amount of material each year. The stage can not supply a fraction of it, fiction writers can not begin to meet the demand. That is why we all are searching frantically for ideas all the time. Look at me. I have signed to make three pictures for United Artists, I start on the first one soon—and I still have not hit upon the story I want to do. I am just hoping against hope that I will locate it."

Lubitsch puffed upon his huge cigar. No director, it is obvious, can be good without good material. And conditions are tougher now than ever before. Europe is too busy making war to write good dramas. So the Lubitsch touch has to wait, worried but hopeful.

I ADMIRE Hollywood rebels, turning up their pretty noses at filmdom's filthy lucre. Take Constance Bennett. She kicked over the traces, in a graceful, nice way, of course, to try her luck on the stage in a revamped Noel Coward comedy. Connie never had been before the footlights. Did they deter her revolution? Not a bit of it. Says she—

"It all depends upon how sure you are of yourself. Acting, I believe, is the same on the stage as in the movie studios. In fact, I think the stage is easier. You know your working hours. It's less demanding. The results are immediate. No camera is right under your left eye, recording exactly how tired you look for all the world to examine later in a tremendously magnified close-up covering a great screen.

"I suffer from vitality. Maybe I should say I enjoy vitality. I want to do so many things. And there's so little time in the zone of a human life to do it all. For years I've wanted to produce my own films, not necessarily with me in them. I want to film stories I like. And I'm going to do it, starting next summer. I shall make three in New York. I'll go back to Hal Roach to do another Topper yarn if it develops. I'm going to do things on the stage whether or not the critics like me. I manufacture cosmetics and skin foods. That's the business woman in me. That other side. I'm taking vocal lessons. I've neglected my voice in the rush of Hollywood. Maybe I've let romance occupy too much of me. But I'm still young, so that will go on, I'm afraid. Or should I say, hope?"

I staggered away from the lovely, sleek Constance pretty exhausted. Burning ambition consumes even an innocent bystander. Not that it isn't laudable. But just how Connie can play matinees and evening performances, watch her cosmetic business, guide a movie production company and take time out for vocal lessons leaves me baffled. Ambition can become a menace. Glance at the Napoleons and the Hitlers. Adolph, you know, devotes spare moments to painting. But he's a piker alongside Connie.

I ASKED Clark Gable if he felt it dangerous to work so long in a single film such as "Gone With the Wind." Fans forget easily. Will the role of Rhett Butler, no matter how colorful, be strong enough to hold Clark at the top, to overcome the long months of getting him on celluloid? Gable writes thus:

"Rather than being dangerous to work too long in one picture, I can say from experience that it is of definite value to an actor and makes for a superior film. There is no substitute for adequate and careful preparation. 'Gone With the Wind' proves this. From an acting standpoint, the player benefits from a long production schedule, which enables him to become thoroughly acquainted with the character he is portraying and develop the characterization to the fullest extent of his ability. I do not believe that working too long on one film is any menace to a career. If an actor makes one role stand out and remain memorable, he has certainly profited as much as if he made four pictures over a similar period. There is no truer saying in Hollywood than that an actor is no better than his last picture. And, if working for more than a year in 'Gone' has menaced Vivien Leigh's career, I could stand a lot of menace."

So there you are, Clark is willing to stand or fall on Rhett. A recent exhibitor poll, conducted by The Motion Picture Herald, a trade paper, found Gable still among the first ten stars, No. 4 to be exact. And he had only two films released in 1939, "Idiot's Delight" and "G.W.T.W." Which shows the potency of Gable's personality. Absence only makes the fans' hearts grow fonder.

BECAUSE she had played the role of the little musician in the Swedish original, David Selznick brought over Ingrid Bergman to play opposite Leslie Howard in "Intermezzo." After she finished her job, she went back to Sweden. Then—surprise—Hollywood discovered she was an outstanding hit. So they brought her back. Once again in New York, Miss Bergman told me:

"When I got off the boat with my little child, my Pia, the press agents were upset. Dreadfully. It was, what you say, disillusioning to fans. But I would not leave her in Sweden. I could not. She is so—so—darling. And I was to be away so long.

"Yes, I am to do Joan of Arc. So they

tell me, anyway. Of course, I am afraid. I want to do her. She was so earthy, so spiritual, so great, so magic. It is a tremendous role. But whether or not I am ready. . . . That's a question. My English, it is not sure. I have to think before I speak. In Swedish there is no effort. I can concentrate on my acting. Words take care of themselves. And you need a great deal of experience, a perfect command of language to do Joan adequately. That is why I am back in America so quickly. To perfect my English, to study, to prepare. I hope. . . ."

A forthright, simple actress, just twenty-three years old. She had made a number of films in Sweden. But you can understand her honesty about herself as Joan of Arc. It is, as she says, a tremendous role. Still, in spite of being a Swede, she has the basic qualities of a Joan. Provided she keeps her simplicity in the face of the liberal Hollywood education for which she is headed.

P.S.—Please, Ingrid, hold to that honest directness.

WHEN you see the film version of Robert Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" watch for the capture at Harper's Ferry of John Brown by a young Union officer named Robert E. Lee. Give a good look at gaunt Mr. Brown, for he's none other than Director John Cromwell, himself. Why? Let Cromwell comment:

"I played John Brown because I couldn't get the actor I wanted for the role. That was the last sequence we made for the film—and I did the part because I had to. Sure, we shifted time on Brown's capture, putting it a year ahead of when it actually occurred. We had to do it, to build for dramatic effect.

"It was a joy directing Raymond Massey, who is such an able actor and who has made such a complete study of the Lincoln character. We had something like six hundred extras on the set when we filmed the famous Lincoln-Douglas debate. These extras cheered and reacted according to signals while we were shooting. But, when the cameras stopped after Lincoln's last words on the slavery question, there was a breathless hush and then a tremendous cheer from the six hundred. It was a spontaneous, honest tribute to fine acting.

"The selection of Ruth Gordon for Mary Todd came about oddly. We were considering many players and mentally rejecting them. Something wrong each time, to our way of thinking. The idea of having Miss Gordon do it suddenly occurred to me. I suggested her to Bob Sherwood. Then, oddly, I discovered that Sherwood had offered her the part when the original play was about to be produced. Miss Gordon rejected it then.

"As for me, I'm infinitely grateful for the opportunity of directing 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois.' But it makes everything I think of doing completely trivial."

Which leaves Director Cromwell with his own problem. Meanwhile, I suggest you see this newer—and more rounded—Abraham Lincoln. Cromwell did a big job in a big way. And remember the cheers of the six hundred extras when you watch Abe win his debate with Stephen Douglas.

CLAIRE TREVOR and JOHN WAYNE in a scene from Republic's "The Dark Command". Your hands, too, can be enchantingly soft if you use Jergens Lotion.



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Tips On Pictures

[Continued from page 11]

dles an important role capably. Morgan, of course, is his usual highly amusing self.

HIGH SCHOOL (20th Century-Fox)—Jane Withers is the daughter of a wealthy ranch owner who decides she's had enough private tutoring and that high school would be just the thing for her. For a while it looks as if he should have kept the private tutors, but eventually it turns out that the old man was right. A swell picture. Joe E. Brown, Jr., is in it.

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (Columbia)—Stick Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant in the same picture and you just can't help getting superlative entertainment. This remake of "The Front Page" starts off with a bang and keeps banging gayly away until the all-too-sudden end. There are laughs galore and action aplenty. Recommended without reservations.

INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS (Universal)—If you're anxious to have your spine tingled, here's the thriller that can do it. Vincent Price is excellent as the Invisible Man who has difficulty returning to visibility. Sir Cedric Hardwicke does nice work as a villain and Nan Grey is the girl friend of the Invisible Man even though at times she can't see him at all.

LONE WOLF STRIKES (Columbia)—The Lone Wolf comes out of retirement for a friend to get back a priceless necklace which has been stolen. He gets the

necklace back, but the friend is murdered by another gang of crooks. This puts the Lone Wolf on the spot with the suspicious police. Warren William is again praiseworthy as the Lone Wolf.

MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK (20th Century-Fox)—This is a re-make of "The Valiant" which started Paul Muni on the way to screen fame. Lloyd Nolan has the Muni role and gives a brilliant performance as the confessed killer who refuses to divulge his identity or motive.

MUSIC IN MY HEART (Columbia)—Tony Martin gets his first starring role in this small-scale musical, and acquits himself nobly. Rita Hayworth, a gorgeous looking newcomer, plays opposite. They meet in a taxi accident and fall instantly in love, even though she's on her way to marry another man.

MUTINY ON THE BLACKHAWK (Universal)—A good melodrama must have action and this Richard Arlen-Andy Devine co-starrer certainly lives up to the rule. It's about slave running and how Richard Arlen, as Captain Lawrence of the U.S.A., breaks it up by staging a mutiny on a slave ship.

REMEMBER THE NIGHT (Paramount)—Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck in a refreshing story of an assistant district attorney and an attractive girl crook he is prosecuting. Realizing that he's losing the case he has it adjourned and takes the girl back home to Indiana



Bing Crosby and Bob Hope engage in a bit of tomfoolery during the making of "The Road to Singapore," which also boasts of Dorothy Lamour.

to visit his folks over the Christmas holidays. All of which mean amusing complications.

SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (M-G-M)—Margaret Sullavan returns to the screen to co-star with Jimmy Stewart in this Lubitsch directed story of the lives of the employees who work in a fashionable gift shop run by Frank Morgan. Jimmy, as a clerk, has been writing love letters to a girl he has never seen, little realizing it is Margaret, who also works in the shop. The picture is just about over before she finds it out.

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON (Paramount)—Charles Laughton and Vivien Leigh are in this engaging, British-made film of buskers, the sidewalk entertainers in London who entertain waiting theatre crowds and then pass the hat. Although Laughton takes major honors, Vivien Leigh is a close second.

SLIGHTLY HONORABLE (Walter Wanger)—This murder mystery is good enough to cheer about. It's based on a

novel called "Send Another Coffin," which gives you an idea of the ingredients. Pat O'Brien, as a wise-cracking lawyer, tops the list of players which include Ruth Terry, a darling newcomer, Broderick Crawford, Alan Dinehart, Phyllis Brooks, Eve Arden and Claire Dodd.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER (Republic)—Gene Autry is at his best in this story of a government agent sent to Central America to stop a brewing revolution which eventually would threaten Pan-American peace. Cast includes June Storey, Smiley Brunette, Duncan Renaldo and Lupita Tovar. The picture gets its title from the song of the same name.

THE BLUE BIRD (20th Century-Fox)—Evidently the budget took quite a spanking in the making of Maeterlinck's immortal fantasy, because it could not have been more magnificently produced. Shirley Temple is the star of this story of the search for the Blue Bird of Happiness. It's lovely to look at and grown-ups should enjoy its lavishness just as much as children.

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

dance originally introduced in that country by the Empress Carlotta. It has plenty of oomph and swing—at least, it has when Dolores does it.

Penny Singleton and her kid brother went dancing recently at a beach ballroom, and Penny practically wound up with another career on her hands. She and her brother were doing a classic booms-a-daisy in the center of the floor when a man with a cigar in the corner of his mouth walked over, tapped her on the shoulder, and said, "Hey, sister, how'd you like a six weeks' contract doing that on the vaude stage?"

Penny thanked him sweetly and ran like mad to the nearest exit.

Something new in finger nails? There always is in Hollywood. The newest is Patricia Ellis' spectacular nails—long and pointed and tipped with white and silver enamel.

Victor McLaglen, filmdom's most ambitious rancher, relieved the unemployment situation up Fresno way recently when he put over twenty-five men to work at cropping, pruning, and planting on his ranch. It is Victor's plan to put his new country holdings on a high paying basis from the crop standpoint, as well as to breed and sell fine horses. The quarter-mile race track on the property has been converted into a show ring for Vic's horse bartering.

When Bill Powell calls up his friends now he always says, "This is William Romeo Powell speaking."

Bill has received a lot of kidding because he married a girl young enough to be his daughter—but he can take it. He didn't even wince when one of his best friends sent him a wheel chair and a high chair for a wedding present. And if the

Mickey Rooney crack, "He's a suaver man than I am," annoyed him he never let on. Since his marriage to young Diana Lewis, he has been to every party and night club in town and had the time of his life—Bill hasn't been so gay in years, and it's good for him.

The new "sex appeal" rave in Hollywood seems to be Ilona Massey. Ever since her screen hit in "Balalaika," the young men about town have been trying to date Ilona and take her dancing at the popular night clubs. But Ilona spends most of her time down at La Quinta in the desert where she studies English and rides horseback. The cowboys think she's the best thing that ever happened to them.

If they weren't so much in love it would certainly be cause for divorce. Clark Gable, who had rather win a prize at the coming Pomona Fair for his poultry than a gold award at the Academy Dinner for his acting, recently bought some chickens from an Eastern farmer. By the time they were delivered at the Gable ranch out in the Valley they cost Clark approximately thirty bucks a piece. Clark was grooming them for the poultry exhibition, and could almost see the blue ribbons he was going to get at the Fair, when he was suddenly laid low with a strep throat and had to go to the hospital for a few days. While he was away, nice little wifey Carole took a look at the chicken yard one morning, decided there were far too many chickens in it, and proceeded to distribute Clark's prize chickens to sixty needy families in the Valley. When Clark heard about it he said, "I hope they realized they were having a thirty dollar chicken dinner."

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BOB: Oh yeah! Well, I'm a pretty husky fellow... I need a laxative with a wallop.

JIM: Don't kid yourself, Big Boy! Ex-Lax may taste like chocolate... but it's plenty effective!

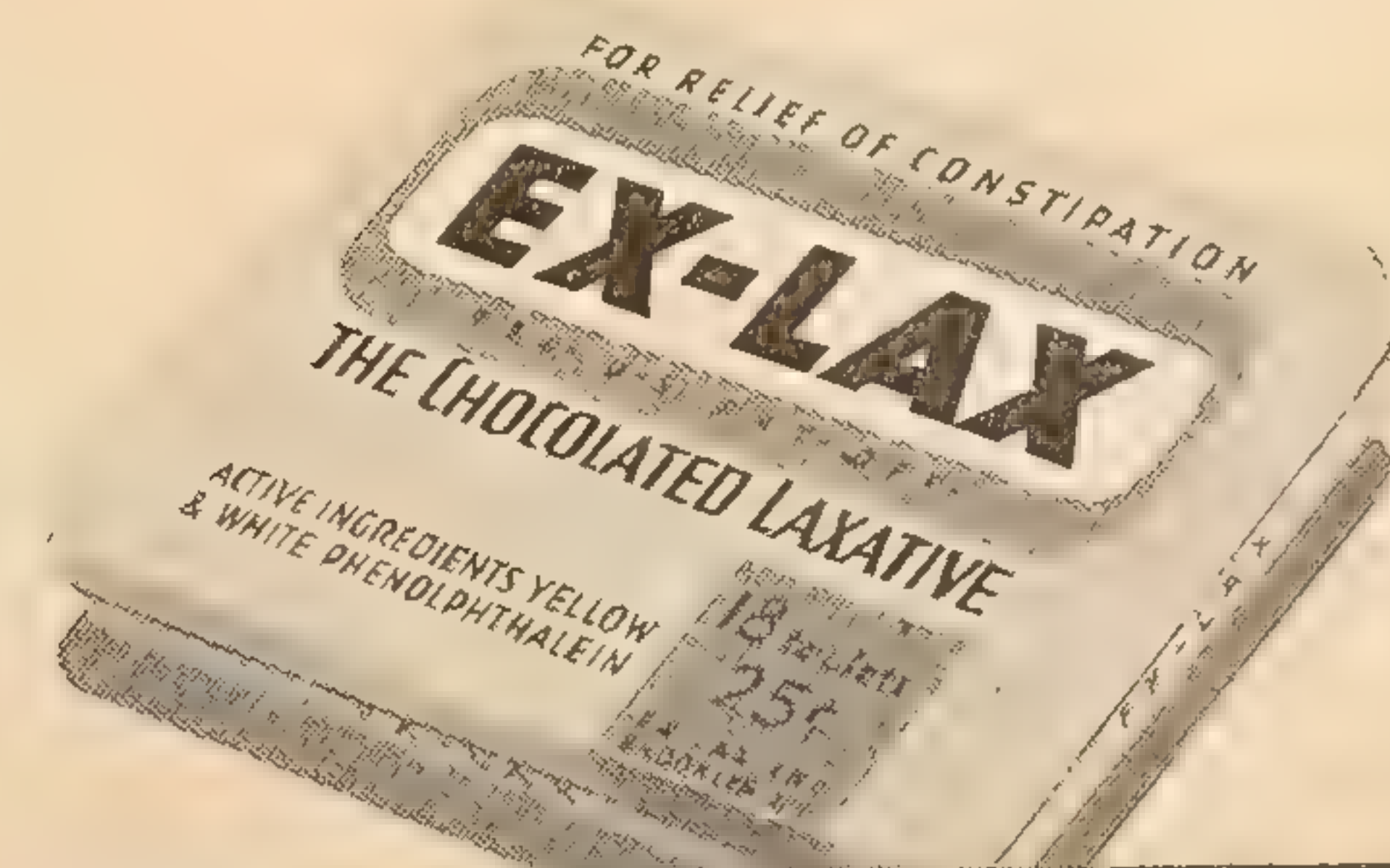


BOB: Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

JIM: Right you are! It's the only laxative we ever use in our family.

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Left: There's no holding back with Ginger Rogers when she really wants to laugh. Her night clubbing companion is Walter Plunkett. *Right:* Bette Davis exchanging pleasantries with Hedda Hopper at a costume party of the Basil Rathbones. *Below:* Mr. and Mrs. William Powell—the former Diana Lewis—attend the Franco-British Relief dinner-dance at the Coconut Grove. Cute, eh?



Silver Screen

Topics for Gossip

Could Olivia De Havilland be dreaming of Jimmy Stewart at this "Gone With the Wind" celebration which finds Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh and Producer David O. Selznick so very gay?

LOVE was ever thus. On a Wednesday Joan Bennett told several of her close friends that her romance with Walter Wanger was as cold as Greenland's icy mountains, and that she never, never, never expected to see him again. On a Thursday night they had dinner at

the Beverly Brown Derby (*just so she could tell him that she never, never, never expected to see him again*) and right in the midst of the chef's salad they decided to fly to Phoenix and get married. On a Friday they were married at the Arizona Biltmore. They left the Derby in such a rush that Wanger forgot to pay the check. When the waiter asked if the check should be sent to Mr. Wanger, Bob Cobb, who owns and manages the Brown Derbies, decided that such an important dinner as that should certainly be "on the house."

Joan has made no bones about the fact that she has been "after" the popular young producer for some time. So when she married him in Phoenix she sent the following wire to her mother in the East: "It was a hard fight, maw, but I won."



Right: At the Franco-British Relief dinner-dance at the Cocoanut Grove, Mickey Rooney was present with his mother. His hair is long because of his role in "Young Tom Edison." *Below:* Norma Shearer attended the Hollywood premiere of "Gone With the Wind" with George Raft.



Candidly presenting the latest Hollywood item

At a reception given for Joan, one of those embarrassing moments occurred. Two people sitting near the door were discussing another recent Hollywood marriage, and one had just said disgustedly, "He asked everybody in Hollywood to marry him before he asked her." On that line Joan and Wanger entered the room. There was an awkward pause. And then Joan said, "Well, you can't be talking about Walter and me. Heaven only knows, I had a hard enough time getting him to propose to me."

When Ann Sothern had her appendix removed recently she discovered that the doctor had made the incision in the shape of the letter T. So now she calls herself Torrid Tessie.

Her family, like all families, were very interested in the flowers the movie stars sent her at the hospital, and wanted to know who sent what. "What did Mr. Mayer send?" her sister asked excitedly.

"White orchids and red roses, there on the dresser," said Ann from her bed of pain, while the family ohed and ahed. A few minutes later when the doctor dropped by on his rounds she introduced her family as the "appraisal committee."

Romance notes: Jimmy Stewart, who certainly gets around, is getting around this month with Olivia De Havilland. The romance started when Jimmy escorted Olivia to the "Gone With the Wind" opening in New York. The romance got off to a fine start, but back in Hollywood again Olivia divides her time between Jimmy and the ever faithful Tim Durant.

Golden Boy Holden is the constant escort these evenings of Brenda Marshall, the prettiest of the Brendas, including Brenda Frazier.

Now that the Phyllis Brooks romance is deadlier than a dodo,



Above: Hedy Lamarr entering the Trocadero with Adolphe Menjou, but don't be alarmed because Hedy's husband, Gene Markey, and Adolphe's wife, Verree Teasdale, were along, too. The four are very close friends. *Right:* Loretta Young and George Murphy give out with a rhumba.





Left: At Hollywood dinner parties guests always want to sit next to Robert Montgomery because he's a charming conversationalist, no matter what the topic. Below: Ronald Colman makes a purchase from cigarette girls Claudette Colbert and Merle Oberon at the Franco-British Relief dinner-dance which netted over \$14,000.



and photos of current screen favorites

handsome Cary Grant alternates between Louise Stanley and Margot Stevenson.

Lola Lane and Dick Purcell have discovered one another and are getting into that Hawaiian mood at the Blossom Room where Harry Owens' orchestra plays "Sweet Leilani" several times an evening—by request.

The first disagreement to occur between Jane Withers and her father cropped up recently, with Gene Autry being named as the cause. The singing cowboy made Jane the happiest girl in Hollywood when he presented her with an exact duplicate of his own famous powder blue cowboy Stetson hat.

The next time Jane saw Gene she was in a lather. "Didn't your dad like the hat I gave you?" asked Gene.

"Like it?" said Jane indignantly. "Why he tried to take it away from me. At his age, wearing a cowboy hat!"

It isn't true that Hollywood and Los Angeles folk have no star dust in their eyes for film stars just because they see them so often in the flesh. Take Jeanette MacDonald's case. She will make her very first concert appearance in Los Angeles, winding up her 1940 tour, and advance ticket sales reported a complete sell-out three weeks after the announcement.

Even movie stars get thrown off sets, so I guess we the public shouldn't feel too badly when it happens to us. Eric Von Stroheim went temperamental in a big way the other day and had Alice Faye tossed off the "I Was An Adventuress" set. Alice has a great admiration for Zorina's dancing technique and when she gets out of her corsets (as Lillian Russell in "Lillian Russell" Alice wears the most sensational corsets there have ever been in Hollywood) she (Continued on page 56)



Above: Gene Autry gets a picture of Maureen O'Hara at the Salvation Army benefit broadcast. Left: Ann Sheridan, Una Merkel and Mrs. Allan Jones (Irene Hervey) contribute to a little cowgirl's collection at the costume party of the Basil Rathbones for the Hollywood Guild's benefit.



Screen stars have a serious and often difficult task in bringing up "fatherless" children

Bachelor Mother



A number of prominent actresses have children, either their own or adopted or protégées, and are faced with the complicated problem of rearing them in the rather odd community of Hollywood without the help of the youngsters' fathers. Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford are among such mothers.

MIRIAM HOPKINS was sitting on the beach one day last summer while her eight-year-old son, Michael, romped in the surf with some other youngsters whose acquaintance he had made only that afternoon. Presently he returned, munching an apple, and sat down with her under the big umbrella.

"Were they nice boys?" she inquired. "Did you have fun?"

Michael said, "Ye-ah. Only they asked an awful lot of questions."

"What kind of questions?"

"Oh—well, they started by asking me if you were a movie star."

"What did you tell them?"

Michael's brow wrinkled with a worried frown. "Well, I told 'em yes. I couldn't help it—because you are! I had to, didn't I? Then they started to ask a lot of other silly things."

Miriam assured him that he was quite right to say, "yes," when people asked whether she was an actress. But she was a little thoughtful, too, thinking of Michael's worried frown. And when autumn came she took young Michael off to Tucson and installed him in the Arizona Desert School for Boys where out-of-class interests are focused on horseback riding and hiking and other masculine pursuits and where most of the youngsters never heard of a Klieg light or a close-up.

"I want to keep his perspective normal if I can," she ex-



of Hollywood

By
Helen Louise Walker

plains.

You hear a lot about "movie mothers"—the ambitious women who drag their tots from casting office to casting office making prodigious efforts to thrust them into the Hollywood whirlpool. It's curious—or is it?—that the women who are themselves part and parcel of all this glitter and glamor make almost as strenuous an effort to keep their own tots away from the excitement of the picture colony.

A number of prominent actresses—bachelor mothers of Hollywood—have children, either their own or adopted, or they have young protégées and are faced with the complicated problem of rearing them in this rather odd community without the help of the youngsters' fathers. Your star with a child must try to keep that child's life on a normal basis, following a normal routine, when her own life is subject to the necessities of a studio which may keep her at work until four in the morning and request her to be ready to go to the desert for a four weeks' location trip tomorrow.

How can she arrange his life so that it will be peaceful while her own life is so strenuous? It's something she has to think about a good deal. How to give him a sane perspective?

Miriam's Michael never has been to a circus or a picnic or a motion picture theater. He never has seen his mother on the screen. Miriam thinks there are too many celebrities, too many people, too much dust (Continued on page 70)

Penny Singleton, in speaking of her only child, Dorothy, says, "I want to keep her away from any professional atmosphere." Below: Miriam Hopkins doesn't want her son, Michael, to become an actor. Lower left: Glenda Farrell's boy, Tom, is seventeen and looks more like her older brother than her son, friends say.



A Prediction

By Ed Sullivan



Spencer Tracy chats with Donald McBride, as Robert Young listens, on "location" for "Northwest Passage," which has to do with the days when Maine was still a frontier.



SPENCER TRACY (named with the un-Irish tag of Spencer in honor of his ma's best friend, Daisy Spencer), holds the most enviable position of all—Tracy is the actors' actor. In other words, he is No. 1 with those who are most critical, the actors. They go into rhapsodies over Tracy's technique, his mannerisms, his refusal to wear make-up, his manner of underplaying a scene, the way he delivers his lines. I've heard Hollywood actors jibe at Paul Muni, Laughton, Leslie Howard, young Doug Fairbanks, Errol Flynn—but when Tracy's name is mentioned, there is unanimous approval.

Now to secure the approval of one's own craft, an individual must have a great deal on the ball. Ty Cobb was the ballplayers' ballplayer; Little Bill Johnston was the tennis players' tennis-player; Fator was the jockeys' jockey; Harry Greb was the fighters' fighter; Walter Hagen was the golfers' golfer—Tracy, by the same token, and for the same obscure reason, is the actors' actor. Not only has he won applause from the public; he has won applause from his co-workers and that is the severest of all tests. Fooling the public is one thing; fooling those who know all the answers is something else again.

Tracy says that I was the first writer ever to come out and predict stardom for him. That was as far away as the September, 1936 edition of Silver Screen, in which I named him "The Best Bet of the Year." The first time he and I met in Hollywood, Spence said: "I've got a copy of that magazine article. You'll never know how much it meant to me at that particular moment—and you'll never know how much I hoped you were right." I take very little credit for the prediction; anyone who saw him in "The Show-Off" and didn't realize his talent must have been stone-blind. In "discovering" Tracy, I rate about as much credit as the fellow who saw the Kohinoor diamond and knew that he'd found something.

Hollywood never doubted that Tracy was a potential star. Winnie Sheehan realized his great talent when Tracy was at the old Fox studio, but Tracy, in those days, was what Olsen and Johnson describe as "a ba-a-a-d boy." For some unknown reason, the Milwaukee Irishman at that time had dedicated himself to the task of emptying all the whiskey flagons on the west coast, and was proceeding to the task with great enthusiasm, and not a little success. Pretty nearly everyone goes through the same trying period that Tracy was encountering, but in this business, you can't drink and maintain your standing with directors and producers who are working against time. If a picture is expected at the Music Hall in New York on a specified date, it had better be there. Tracy, delaying pictures, because of his collegiate impulses, was marked down as "unreliable" and in this town of Hollywood, that is the most damaging of all faint praises.

At just what point of his career Tracy figuratively and literally was sobered by his responsibilities, I don't know. Four years ago, when he was suggested for the role of the priest in "San Francisco," the

Left: Spencer Tracy as Major Robert Rogers in "Northwest Passage." Below: With Hedy Lamarr and Willie Best in a scene from "I Take This Woman."



That Came Doubly True

Forecasting is a hazardous thing, but the writer felt mighty certain back in 1936 when he was the first to pick Spencer Tracy for stardom

suggestion was hooted, on the grounds that he wouldn't be believable as a priest. His biggest booster for the role was Joe Breen, of the Hays' office. Tracy not only made the part believable; he converted it into one of the exquisite portrayals of the screen. Other actors, when they don a clerical collar, just ride along on the momentum of priestly garb and attempt to look soulful. Tracy made the priest of "San Francisco" a warm, living portrait. In "Boys' Town," he did the same thing differently.

It was those roles that gave Tracy a definite slant on what the moving picture business was all about. "From now on," he says, "I will play only those parts which give the audience a 'lift.' Life is too short and film is too perishable to waste your time in roles that don't mean anything. If I can do roles that send an audience out of a theatre feeling uplifted, I've accomplished something important." Because of that new slant on things, Tracy balked at "Northwest Passage." He didn't want to play Major Rogers in the last stages of his career, when Rogers had gone to pieces mentally, physically and morally. "I'll play him up to the point where he has achieved his objective," said Tracy, "but I'll be damned if I'll play him when he becomes a drunkard. Audiences won't want to see him in that stage of his life."

Not that he shies away from realism. Tracy makes the point that often, realism better were avoided, in that it serves no purpose. Realism for a purpose, or directed at a certain goal, is one thing; realism, for the sake of morbidity, has no point. I'd say that he was 1,000 per cent correct.

On April 5th, (Continued on page 64)

Right: Spencer Tracy says that Ed Sullivan was the first writer ever to come out and predict stardom for him. He still has the September 1936 issue of Silver Screen in which Sullivan named him the *Best Bet of the Year*. **Below:** Spencer Tracy with his brother Carroll, who is his business manager



Holiday's End

"Once the acting fever gets into your veins it never leaves you," insists Dolores Del Rio, who, in returning to the screen, is determined never again to be a slave to a film career

By Maud Cheatham

ALWAYS, Dolores Del Rio will be the heroine. She's one of the few stars who is more beautiful off the screen than on, for the camera, with all of its magic wizardry, never has captured the sheen and delicacy of her complexion. Nor that elusive vibrant quality—that *aliveness*, that sets her apart from all other film actresses.

She's more exciting too, than any role she ever played, and her own life holds enough drama for half a dozen stirring motion pictures. Now, after an absence of a year and a half, she's returning to the screen to co-star with Wallace Beery in "The Man from Dakota," a powerful Civil War story.

Talking to her in her blue and white dressing room at the



Dolores, pictured here with John Howard, is not her usual glamorous self in "The Man from Dakota." Only in the first few scenes is she smartly dressed. From there on her face becomes dirty, her dress is in shreds and her hair is tossed to the winds. But she has a grand opportunity for dramatic acting.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio between scenes, I wondered why this girl—young, beautiful, wealthy, and happily married, should consider it worth her while to again be swept into the picture game. Was it because of feminine restlessness? Was it a longing for applause? Or was it the joy of self-expression? So, I asked her—*why?*

"I do not consider that I ever *left* the screen," Dolores replied gaily. "Once the acting fever gets into your veins it never leaves you. My interests always will be tied up with motion pictures. The reason I have not been appearing in films is simply because the roles offered were not right for me. I do not want to play a part, no matter how important, unless it is wholly suitable. That old feverish ambition, that driving desire to forge ahead at any price, to reach the top, to appear in as many productions as possible, is gone. I had all that. I enjoyed a dazzling stardom and its triumphs. Also, its bitterness, for a film career can be very cruel. I'm as ambitious as ever, but it has taken another trend. From now on, I want to build only on worth while portrayals, always with a hope of contributing a lasting impression on this frail business. Today, I pick and choose, and when I'm offered a part that appeals to me, I'm wildly enthusiastic, for it's like an adventure into an exciting new world.

"Every hour of this picture has been fun—*real fun!*" Dolores went on. "The familiar routine has a thrilling novelty because I haven't been doing it steadily. We're working hard, many night scenes, fighting through muddy jungles, wading rivers, and other hardships, but I love it and wouldn't miss one of the experiences. It is no glamour role I'm playing for only in the first scenes am I smartly dressed. Quick tragedy comes and I'm forced to join two soldiers trying to escape to the Union lines. From then on my face is dirty, my dress in shreds,



Wallace Beery, with whom Dolores is co-starred in "The Man from Dakota," doesn't seem to be in favor of the amorous attention she's giving John Howard. It's a Civil War story.

and my hair tossed to the winds—but there's opportunity for dramatic acting. It's exhilarating. I feel as if I were on an emotional holiday, trying out reactions that have been lying dormant.

"Yet, despite all of my enthusiasm, I still say I never want a term contract, and never again will I become a slave to a film career; its fame is too elusive to satisfy. One picture a year, perhaps two, if the roles are suitable, would please me. This would keep me in close touch with the movie world I love, yet permit me to live my own life which is very precious to me."

When I asked what husband Cedric Gibbons, art director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, thought about her return to the screen, she promptly admitted, "If it makes me happy, that is all he asks. I'm sure Cedric is proud that we share this profession which is so dear to him. He always approves of anything that stimulates one's interests. Also, I'm not neglecting my home. My maid and chauffeur have been with me nine years, the cook for five, and they take over magnificently while I'm away."

Life has ever moved swiftly for Dolores. Already, she's touched the heights, and the very depths of emotional experiences. Born in Durango, Mexico, into a wealthy and in-

fluent family, she was educated in Madrid and Paris. Then, before she was seventeen, she married Jaime Del Rio, and took her place as a popular hostess in Mexico City society.

"Odd," said Dolores, following a thoughtful pause, "that my life should be changed—by a *cup of tea*! It all happened following a particularly festive bullfight one Sunday afternoon. A friend phoned asking to bring some American acquaintances to my home for tea. I hesitated for we had other plans, but finally, I told him to bring them. The guests proved to be Edwin Carewe, Hollywood motion picture director, and his wife. Before Mr. Carewe left that evening, he asked me to come to Hollywood and make a picture. At first, we laughed a great deal over the suggestion, then because we were bored, and both yearned for excitement, Mr. Del Rio and I decided to come and see what it was all about."

Amid the wonders of this new world, Dolores made her first picture, "Joanna," then was given the part of *Charmaine* in the season's biggest production, "What Price Glory?" which swept her into a sensational overnight stardom. Barely eighteen, with the world at her feet, she admits she lost her head. It couldn't be otherwise. No young girl could have possibly kept her balance under such an avalanche of sudden, spectacular fame.

(Continued on page 64)



Top: As she was married to Cedric Gibbons. Center: With Fred Astaire in "Flying Down to Rio." Above: As the bewitching "Madame Du Barry."



BRIAN
AHERNE

Brian continues to be awfully busy, scarcely finishing "Vigil in the Night," with Carole Lombard, when he was working with Madeleine Carroll in "My Son, My Son!"



LARAINÉ DAY

Speaking of "My Son, My Son!", the important role of Maeve is played by Laraine Day, featured in the popular Dr. Kildare series. Intimates call her "Rainy Day."

SUSAN
HAYWARD

Paramount has no brighter prospect than Susan Hayward, the sprightly lassie who did so well in "Beau Geste." Her popularity keeps increasing. "Mystery Ship," with Ray Milland, is her next.

West of Dodge City There Was No Law
... And There Virginia City Lay!

ERROL
FLYNN

Here—and brilliantly—is the
breathless saga of the gal-
lant 73 who charged through
the boldest adventure of
America's law-forsaken
West...history's epic of the
City of Gold that was built
upon the lead of bullets. Its
story is true—and its stars
make it too thrilling to miss!

A New Dramatic
Success by
WARNER BROS.
Producers of
'The Fighting
69th'

MIRIAM
HOPKINS

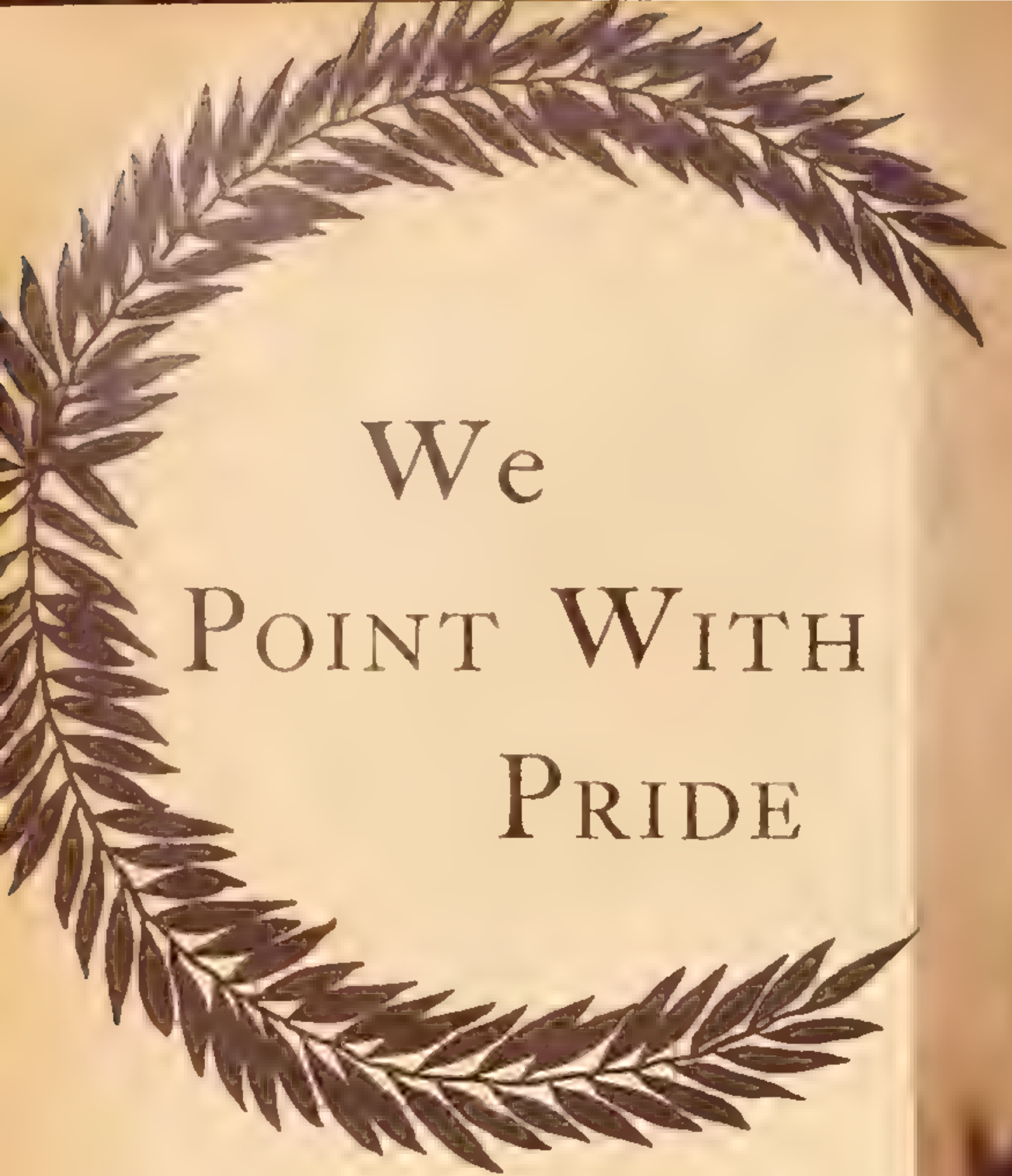
VIRGINIA CITY

Such a story and such
irresistible enter-
tainment has rarely
been screened before

With **RANDOLPH**
SCOTT
HUMPHREY
BOGART

FRANK McHUGH • ALAN HALE
GUINN "Big Boy" WILLIAMS

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ



We
POINT WITH
PRIDE

GO

THOMAS
MITCHELL

Edna Best with Thomas
Mitchell in RKO-Radio's
"Swiss Family Robinson."



ALTHOUGH not considered a star, nevertheless, character actor Thomas Mitchell is more than deserving of the honor. Few, if any, of the so-called Hollywood stars can match his histrionic ability. You've marveled at his performances in "Hurricane," "Stagecoach," "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and "Gone With The Wind." His handling of the important role of the devoted father in "Swiss Family Robinson" is equally as marvelous. Mitchell has been a playwright, director and producer and, undoubtedly, we'd have pointed with pride to him in any of those fields, too, had he chosen to remain. Perhaps, some day he'll return to them.



Look out for the fireworks when Ginger gets her first kiss!

Here is glorious Ginger's first big comedy-drama since "Stage Door," made by the same producer-director, famous Gregory La Cava!

The story of a girl who didn't know a thing about men — and a mother who knew too much. But one little osculation in a motorcycle rumble seat turns



her from a tomboy into a glamour girl, and starts her on a manhunt that makes males quail! Look behind the fun, though, and you'll find gripping human heartache that will give you tears to laugh through.

Ginger Rogers goes
McCrea
PRIMROSE PATH

With MARJORIE RAMBEAU
HENRY TRAVERS • MILES MANDER
Queenie Vassar • Joan Carroll
Produced and Directed by
GREGORY LA CAVA
Screen Play by Allan Scott and Gregory La Cava
RKO Radio Picture

Luscious Lucille Ball in the crushing embrace of Chester Morris who woos her in "The Marines Fly High," a story of a South American marine base.



Above: Could one be more all to Robert Young? Ruth Hussey looks into her eyes in this entrancing moment from "New West Passage"? Clark Gable and Crawford co-star in "Strange Cargo," judging by this indication of enrapture it's a film certainly not to be missed.



Enticing!



Upper left: Tullio Carminati whispers words of endearment to Madeleine Carroll in "Safari," but her heart is for Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Above: Isa Miranda being terrifically appealing with John Loder in "Adventure in Diamonds." Left: John Justin and June Duprez as the lovers in "The Thief of Bagdad." June is the sleeping-dead Princess who comes slowly back to life as Ahmad the Prince awakens her.



Errol Flynn and his wife, Lili Damita, have a friendly chat with Bruce Cabot. "I now enjoy parties. Big parties. Hollywood parties!" enthuses Errol.



As Told To Gladys Hall

FLYNN in a contemplative mood. Flynn sitting still for five minutes, for 'eavens sakes! Flynn brewing a cup o' tea in his portable dressing-room on the set of *Virginia City*. Flynn in a self-analytical mood, Flynn meditating aloud, Flynn talking to himself . . . is something to write home to the folks about, thinks I. So I will. And here goes:

Flynn was saying, stirring the cream into his tea, long legs stretched comfortably in front of him, relaxed, eyes contemplating the ceiling, obviously talking more to himself than to me . . .

" . . . from the gay, stimulating person I once never had any doubt I was, I found, the other day, that I was boring the hell out of myself. And so what, I thought, must I be doing to others? Echo answered when, at a recent party, I began to tell a story and found myself thinking, suddenly, Blimey, what a bore I am!—and broke right off in the middle of the story and—*not one word of protest!* Take that back, there was one—a nice, polite damsel did ask me to go on!

"But this gave me pause. Say, Flynn, old man, old man, I said to myself, you've been in Hollywood for five years now and maybe it's time you turned the coat of yourself inside out and had a look at the seams, at the way the thing's made, how it's wearing . . .

"So, I just tore into the question of being a bore and found that I not only bore myself, but that I am also becoming very impatient of persons or situations which I find intolerably dull. Whereas, I used to be a very polite person, bearing with bores with graciousness and glazed eyes, I now find myself looking a dullie right in the eye, and saying oh, hell and walking away. I don't hold this against myself, however, because I am not offended when others say 'oh, hell' as they walk out on me.

"But why all this dullness, pro and con, I ask myself . . . and decide that the life of Ease and Plenty, which IS the life of a movie star, let him beef as he may, is getting me down a little. What do I want to do about it? No-no, I'm

NOT going to say the life of Adventure again! If ever I dive for pearls again, it will be into Tiffany's. If ever I live on a primitive island again it will be with hot and cold running water, an electric generator and modern plumbing! No, not again, not ever again for me . . . the mere thought of setting out in a little boat, with no money . . . in fact," sighed Flynn, "it horrifies me! Nor have I the least desire to go back to the little tyrannies of life, the overdue butcher's bill, the watch in the pawnshop and all that. Why, since I've been in America, the mere thought of going down the subway stairs daunts me . . . once a favorite mode of travel, the subway, I now expect to be convoyed hither and thither in a palanquin or something.

"So what's the matter with you, Flynn? I'm asking myself, What *do* you want? Well, some *zip*, for one thing. I'm unzipped. I'd like to have a little more *fun* in my pictures, for instance. I'd like to have many, many more laughs in my pictures. *Belly* laughs. I think everyone needs to laugh more these days and I'd like to be one to provide the supply for the demand. When we made *Elizabeth and Essex* I had to fight like the devil for that slap on the fanny I gave the good Queen Bette. They wanted to cut it out. I wanted it left in, or *on* . . .

"I want more fun in my work and also, I want to *work*. I'd rather like to do a stage play. I'd like to be compelled to use my teeth in attacking a part. On the other hand, and isn't it all confusing, I *did* work in *Elizabeth and Essex*. I even learned my lines! I studied my scenes and was positively Muni-ish in my effort to get under the skin of the man . . . it was a great mistake. I'll never do it again. I haven't seen the picture yet, may never see it, but I know what the critics said! One of them remarking that, apart from anything else Elizabeth might have done, her performance was more *than* justified when she cut off Flynn's head! Another critic remarked that my performance was *surprising*, because I really seemed to have my mind on what I was doing, *for once* . . . hereafter, I'll keep my mind where it belongs. Which is NOT, presumably, on what I am doing!

"It's the life of Ease and Plenty," Flynn continued to soliloquize, "it's this mooching along the Milky Way that's dulling the razor's edge for me. It's this being a movie star compared to which a mama's boy leads the life of a hardy frontiersman. I contemplate myself (Continued on page 62)

Errol Flynn Gives Himself a



Left: With Director Michael Curtiz of "Virginia City." Reveals Errol, "Nothing I find upsets me more than being treated like a big shot. That's why I like doing these westerns . . . those cowboys don't give a damn for any of us. *Right:* Errol with Miriam Hopkins in "Virginia City."



Left: "But why all this dullness, pro and con, I ask myself . . . and decide that the life of Ease and Plenty, which IS the life of a movie star, let him beef as he may, is getting me down a little. What do I want to do about it? No, no, I'm NOT going to say the life of Adventure again!" *Below:* Errol in "Elizabeth and Essex." He tried too hard, he says.

Grilling!

"I found that I was boring the hell out of myself," says Errol Flynn, "and decided to find out why!"



She Didn't Wait for Lady Luck



THIS is a story for people who believe in luck, who think if they just wait long enough and wish hard enough Lady Luck will come along and tap them on the shoulder and—presto!—they'll be famous!

For this is the story of Dorris Bowdon, who didn't believe in waiting for Lady Luck at all. And if anyone had a right just to sit and wait it was Dorris. After all wasn't she the seventh child of a seventh child and doesn't that spell L U C K in any language?

And on the surface it certainly looks as if Luck were working overtime for her.

Two years ago, she was a student at Louisiana State, sharing a room on the campus with two other girls and saving every penny she could spare for the blue sweater she had set her heart on having.

Today, she held court in her suite in the Waldorf Towers, one of the grand suites usually reserved for Hollywood celebrities, and there were flowers everywhere, huge chrysanthemums reflecting the tawny tones of her page boy bob and flat bowls of camellias accenting the smooth whiteness of her own small face. There she sat, a slim girl in a cherry red dress with wide apart hazel eyes that looked as if they belonged to a girl who could take anything in her stride, even success.

A little over a year ago she was playing bit parts in pictures. Today, she had won acclaim in the most talked-of-role in the most talked-of-picture since Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind." That certainly sounds like luck, doesn't it, a girl, practically unknown playing Rose of Sharon in "The Grapes of Wrath."

In the beginning, Dorris thought it was luck, too.

Here she was on her way to Hollywood, expenses paid and a screen test waiting at the other end, one of the two lucky girls picked by a Twentieth Century-Fox talent scout. It was the chance she had been dreaming of since she was a child and used to study recitation and give performances for her playmates in the back yard of the little red brick bungalow in Memphis. It was the thing she had kept telling herself would happen when she was studying dramatics at Louisiana State.

But now that it had come she was frightened. For the wishing and dreaming and planning were different from the reality. She felt numb and cold as if something awful had happened to her instead of wonderful.

Her beau had driven into New Orleans with her and they sat on the train trying to make (Continued on page 60)

Upper left: Athletic in college, Dorris continues to be so in Hollywood. Left: With Henry Fonda in "Grapes of Wrath." Right: Her future's as cheery as her smile.

Dorris Bowdon, of "Grapes of Wrath," realized you mustn't wait for Lady Luck, you must go and find her

By
Jane MacDonald

Morality Rules For

In order to preserve their marriage and keep themselves from being talked about, married movie actors have specific regulations

By Elizabeth Wilson

WEDLOCK, I always say, should be more radiant and more blissful, and certainly more permanent, in Hollywood than anywhere else in this not so civilized world, including Bali. All the attributes to a happy marriage are enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star—they are young, they are handsome, famous and financially well fixed. They can thumb their nose at the landlord if they have a mind to. They never have to worry over how to cook a wolf. And as there is no place to go in Hollywood at night, except home, they find it very difficult indeed to be anything else but constant. (*The way of the transgressor is not an easy one in Hollywood, all rumors to the contrary.*) The gods and goddesses cavorting on Mt. Olympus couldn't have a more perfect set-up than the gods and goddesses of Hollywood.

To an outsider, say, casually, from Brooklyn, it would seem that these young people living in holy and legal wedlock in the sight of Heaven, Will Hays, and wandering candid cameramen should be the happiest married couples on earth. They've got all the breaks. They have none of those minor worries which usually bring on major tiffs. Hymen never looked lovelier than he does in Hollywood.

With the odds a hundred to one in favor of marital happiness why then are there so many divorces in Hollywood? Why can't the sun-kissed boys and girls make a go of it? Why aren't the married movie stars the happiest, the most delightfully free people on earth? Why? Simply because we won't let them be. We just won't let Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star live like normal human beings. We'll lay off of Mr. and Mrs. John Public because John is a clerk at forty dollars a week, looks and lives like thousands of other husbands, and he'd have to murder his wife before he could make a front page. But just let those married movie guys, Clark Gable or Bob Taylor, or Tyrone Power, do something, or say something, and it's all over the radio, the newspapers and the magazines—not to mention everybody's dinner table.

Of course, Clark and Bob and Ty might have only been doing their Boy Scout deed for the day when they gave that pretty girl a lift to the nearest

Ray Milland is one of the happiest husbands in Hollywood. He's been married for eight years to the very attractive Muriel Weber, seen with him on the left. He calls her Mal.



An important morality rule for Hollywood husbands is *Beware of public appearances without the wife!* Here you see Ray and his wife with Jack Benny and his wife, Mary Livingstone, safely attending the premiere of a Paramount picture. Husbands must be careful about having pictures taken with other women, too.

Married Movie Stars

gas station, but you can bet your bottom dollar that no one will believe *that*. (And no matter what you do in this town, someone sees you.) It's human nature—and heaven only knows it's too late now to do anything about human nature—but it's so much more fun to believe the worst of people than the best. And when the people happen to be celebrities, well, that's a picnic. If you're a Hollywood husband don't think, in a million years, that you'll ever get the benefit of one single ittsy bittsy doubt. The lady you were seen with last night may be your Aunt Susie, but to nosey Hollywood she's a Mystery Woman, and there you are.

Yes, indeed, those married movie stars turn grey over little things that an ordinary husband wouldn't bother to give a second thought. Everything is magnified in Hollywood. In their desperate efforts to preserve their marriage and keep themselves from being talked about the boys have concocted a sort of set of morality rules for married movie stars. And just in case you expect to be a Hollywood husband some day you might like to know the rules by which you'll have to abide. They're not so difficult as bridge, perhaps, but plenty difficult. And if you try to be an Individualist, and snap your fingers at Hollywood's morality rules, the Hays office will get you if you don't watch out.

One of the happiest husbands I know in Hollywood is Ray Milland. Ray has been married for eight years to the very attractive Muriel Weber, and as eight years in Hollywood is a long, long time there isn't a chance in the world of that marriage breaking up. Ray is not the young-man-about-town type—as a matter of fact he is so content to come home at night, have dinner with his own wife, gaze into his own fire, and play his own symphony records that Mal (*that's what he calls her*) very rarely accepts party invitations for Jack (*that's what she calls him*). Now you'd think that a guy, even a handsome one like Ray, who loves his home and fireside that much

just wouldn't get himself gossiped about. But you're wrong, poor Ray has been gossiped about, and plenty.

Ray has much more charm than most of the Hollywood stars. And that charm combined with his easy graceful manners and an innate British politeness has made a sucker out of him many a time. If Mal didn't love and trust him so much she could get awfully upset (*and upsets in Hollywood always lead to a pretty bit of tiffing behind closed doors*) over the gossip she hears and reads in the papers. But fortunately Mal is an intelligent young woman, as well as a beautiful one, and she knows Hollywood.

In as much as Ray is a happy husband, and runs his married life so smoothly, I thought he'd be a good one to talk with about these morality rules for Hollywood husbands. Ray learned the rules *the hard way*. So he's not breaking them any time soon.

Rule number one has to do with fans. Now every male alive likes female admiration. And actors, of course, fairly live on it; in fact they have been known to live for weeks without food, but not without admiration. All the Hollywood stars, including Nelson Eddy, take great pride in their fans and will practically knock themselves out in order not to offend one. But hardly a week passes but what an adoring fan will get the object of her affections into hot water. (*Even* (Continued on page 58)



Above: Olympe Bradna is the young lady kissing Ray. But it's a scene from "Say It In French." Right: With Patricia Morison in "Untamed." Rumors start quickly and damagingly when a husband is away from home "on location" for picture purposes.



Adventuress

SOME women want only the quiet peace of their hearthsides. They serve their families day in and day out, praying that nothing unusual, no mishap, will disturb the familiar pattern of their lives. But, not Osa Johnson!

Straight from the altar to adventure, at seventeen—that was the lot of Mrs. Martin Johnson—exploring, side by side, with her fearless husband, up crocodile-infested rivers, deeper and deeper into the heart of the jungle, wild animals threatening—at night, the heavy-scented air of Africa closing in, mysterious, ominous—and Osa Johnson loved it!

They went by foot, camel caravan and automobile across the veldt. They sailed over 17,000 miles in the South Seas in a 37-foot sloop. They flew 30,000 miles in Borneo, and 60,000 miles over the Dark Continent, and never had an accident, though there were no landing-fields. Then, one day a few years ago, the Martin Johnsons took their first trip on a scheduled air-liner in their own United States. There was a crash and Osa Johnson's husband was separated from her by death, thus ending their colorful career of more than twenty years together, exploring the far corners of the earth.

But, Osa Johnson carried on. And, today, she is honored as the First Lady of Exploration. She is famous as an author, is a smash hit as a lecturer from coast

Osa Johnson, First Lady of Exploration, has just completed a thrilling jungle film entitled, "I Married Adventure." Below: She has shown cannibals movies of themselves which she took.

Osa Johnson is carrying on, alone the fearless explorations she started with her ill-fated husband, Martin.

By Everetta Love



of the Jungles!

o coast, and known the world over as movie star and producer. We were seated in her office when I talked with her. This was at the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Avenue—a far cry from her home in the wilds, and, looking at Mrs. Johnson, feminine right down to the tips of her absurd three and a half shoes, I could hardly believe that she had nerves of iron—that her finger on the trigger of a gun spelled death to the fiercest of animals.

This was the woman of whom Martin Johnson said, "I have thought many times how lucky I was—Osa has all the qualities that go to make an ideal traveling companion for an explorer—pluck, endurance, cheerfulness under discomfort. In an emergency, I would trust her far sooner than I would trust most men."

Her modish red dress was straight from Paris, and her tiny black hat was tilted smartly over one eye. A chic antelope bag was at her side—always the African touch! Yes, there was no doubt that she deserved her place as one of America's ten best-dressed women. But, peering down from the walls above us were the denizens of the Dark Continent, savage reminders of this woman's skill and daring. Shot for meat, she told me, and not for trophies. Her eyes sparkled with interest as she talked, and her smile was as friendly, as cozy as my next-door neighbor's. (Continued on page 66)

Right: The treacherous cannibal chieftain, Nagapate, from whom Osa Johnson and her husband miraculously escaped. **Below:** Osa's father-in-law with a leopard which she killed as he leaped at her husband. Osa with cannibal warriors of the South Seas. Osa surprised this lion which had just killed a zebra. A leopard which came close, but did no harm and posed nicely.



The Girl Who

Another in the series of untold Hollywood stories about an actress who didn't reckon with youth.

By Elizabeth
Benneche Peterson

Below: "Magda found Jean crying in the living room. I was concerned about the situation and Jean was beginning to get me. As much as I liked Magda I could have wrung her neck for making the girl so unhappy. It didn't seem fair."



Upper left: Jean was engaged to Jack, who was Magda's new leading man. When they met Magda, Jean was terribly thrilled. She'd always admired Magda as an actress and now was to have a small part in one of her pictures. *Left:* Magda was stunned when the director suggested Jean take her place in the skiing scenes with Jack.

SPRING is here and the desert is in bloom again. All day long cars have been whizzing past our ranch on their yearly pilgrimage to see that tender miracle of fragrance and color. Limousines and jalopies, trailers and roadsters follow each other on the road. A boy and girl with romance in their eyes just went by in a new yellow car as gay as a daffodil and close on their wheels came a whole family in a year one touring car crowded with babies and picnic lunches and laughter and all of them looking as if they had spring in their hearts.

And me digging madly in the garden, raking leaves away from our first perennials and being so absorbed in things to do in a garden that for once Hollywood was as far away in my thoughts as it is in actual mileage. I didn't mind then that my note book and pencil were laid away in moth balls and the dust was settling on my typewriter. It was such fun just to dig and feel the earth slipping through my fingers and to feast my eyes on the little green shoots coming up from the handful of seed I'd planted months before.

Then I heard a horn honking and I looked up as a car slowed down passing the house. A man waved to me and there was that quick glimpse of him and the outrageously pretty girl sitting on the seat beside him before the car gathered speed again and was gone. It was only after they were a mile or so down the road that I realized who he was.

"That can't be Bill Powell," I thought.

But it was. And now that I had seen him again I could understand why everybody was so happy about his marriage to little Diana Lewis. Everybody who knows Bill adores him. His vitality and charm and grand sense of humor have made him extra special out in Hollywood. That's why, when all those things left Bill for awhile and sorrow and illness came to him all of us felt it so keenly. You see he had given of his happiness so freely that we couldn't help but feel that some of his sorrow belonged to us, too.

So you could understand that seeing Bill his old self again, smiling and happy and tanned with sun and health, I felt like singing as I went back to my digging. Spring seemed more glorious than ever now that it had come back to Bill again.

It's funny about spring. Sometimes you think you've lost it. Sometimes you think you'll never find it again. Sometimes you forget about it completely. But as gentle and fragile as it is there is something indestructible about it.

And I thought of Magda who had forgotten about spring, of Magda who looked as if spring was eternally in her soul,



Forgot Spring

as it was in her face. She is small and her hair is as delicately gold as the sun on one of the first spring mornings and her eyes are as soft as pansies and the color of them, too, when they are neither blue nor purple, but a borrowing of each. Of course, Magda is not her name, but the rest of the things I've said about her are true.

It was always such a shock when you looked at Magda to realize she had been in pictures twelve years. The fans probably don't realize that. For back in the silent days she hadn't really come to the foreground at all. Sometimes she'd have a scene or two in a picture and sometimes she played the younger sister and a couple of times she was even cast as a little girl of twelve. No one dreamed then she was over twenty so that when her big chance finally came and the talkies made a star of her no one realized she was over thirty.

I only knew it because of a slip she'd made. It was the first time I'd met her and we talked about everything under the sun as a star and a writer will on an interview. That's how we fan writers get to know the stars if we're meeting them for the first time, to understand them and get the feel of their personality.

She mentioned an actress, a glamorous woman who is alive only in (Continued on page 72)

"We stood on the hill and watched Jack and Jean take off together. They were so young and fresh and dauntless as they raced down the hill."



Above: "Jean had no chance against the wisdom Magda had learned through years of unhappiness. Magda was so tender, so comforting and Jack lapped it up as a starving kitten would lap up a saucer of cream."
Right: "Although he was with Jean, I'll never forget the eagerness in his eyes as he looked at the door Magda would soon be coming through in the lodge."



In the Spring

A Young Girl Fancy

It lightly turns to thoughts of clothes, because if her young man's thoughts are of love she wants to look her loveliest, such as Deanna Durbin does in these creations she wears in "It's A Date"

Reflective of the locale of Deanna Durbin's latest film, "It's A Date," is this charming ensemble, created by Vera West. The fitted coat of beige rodier wool has hand-sewn bubbles of red yarn. It is worn over a beige crepe dress with sunburst pleated skirt and blouse with finish of tiny stitched tucks on the bodice. Both dress and coat underline the trend of simple neckline, smooth fit and elbow-length sleeves. The huge hat Deanna wears is a Hawaiian straw of red, white and blue, set on bandeau of red crepe. She carries beige suede gloves and beige envelope bag as added touch.

Deanna's culottes are khaki-grey wool covert cloth. Pressed with military crease front and back the wide flare of the trousers gives the effect of a skirt fitting smoothly over hips to high waistline. She wears a persimmon colored cashmere sweater over which is worn an antelope jacket of beige. The lizard belt of her skirt repeats the brown tones of her suede and leather platform oxfords. Ideal for sportswear.



This smart spring street costume has a military dash. The silk crepe dress has a blue and white diagonally striped flared skirt topped by a solid white blouse. The brief jacket is of matching blue rodier wool with military cut softened by rounded lines of lapels and pockets. Gold hazelnut buttons decorate the pockets and finish the sleeves. Her pillbox hat is composed entirely of white lace straw shaped in flower clusters with wide navy grosgrain streamers at back. Deanna carries a white bag and gloves and wears navy and white sports shoes, a favorite with Deanna.



Presenting lovely Deanna Durbin, leading star

Expressive of lively youth is this early spring formal. It is one piece cleverly styled to affect a jacket and skirt. Stone blue faille silk comprises the top with snug fitting bodice drooping over the hips. The wide flowing skirt is of multi-colored striped faille with the blue tone predominating. Fullness is brought to the front and the fabric of the skirt is employed at the lacing of the bodice.



The new spring trend in hostess gowns is evident in this Vera West creation worn by Deanna Durbin. It has a wide circular skirt of navy and white polka dot with dropped band at the waistline piped in white. The skirt fabric continues upward to the white crepe tailored blouse in a decorative note of bands finishing in double flap pockets.



of Universal Pictures, in smart and colorful spring fashions

The beauty of beige wool cashmere lends itself to the perfected tailoring and casual tone of this spring coat. Its significance is in the smooth fit and clear cut lines. Twists of brown leather form the buttons which fasten the front and decorate the four patch pockets. The attached hood lends a note of softness with its banding of beige and brown angora yarn. This coat is also for fall wear.



This slack outfit combines the new color notes for spring. The gabardine slacks are the grey blue of military fabrics, straight tailored with a suggestion of drape at the waistline. Red and white silk crepe composes the blouse which features full-length sleeves and high pockets. A natural leather belt is worn rather snug at the waistline.

Reviews

Direct from the West Coast

Right: Johnny Russell, Spring Byington and Shirley Temple in "The Blue Bird." Below: Russell Simpson, Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell in "Grapes of Wrath," a must see picture!

THE BLUE BIRD

MOST BEAUTIFUL PICTURE YET—20th Century-Fox

THE screen version of Maurice Maeterlinck's immortal fantasy, which has delighted both children and adults for years, will take your breath away by its sheer loveliness and fairyland beauty. There has never been a picture before quite so beautiful and so dazzlingly gorgeous as this one. It was quite a delicate job to bring the elusive spirit of Maeterlinck's story to the screen and great credit should go to Walter Lang for the excellence of his direction. The story of the adventures of Mytyl and her brother Tytyl, accompanied by their dog Tylo, and their cat, Tylette, the latter two changed by the Fairy Berylune into human form, in their search for the Blue Bird of Happiness, is well known by everyone. Shirley Temple gives her best performance as Mytyl and little Johnny Russell makes a precious Tytyl. The personifications of Eddie Collins as the dog, and Gale Sondergaard as the cat, are especially brilliant. Helen Ericson as Light is the most beautiful girl you've seen in a long time. Perfect are Spring Byington as the mother, Nigel Bruce and Laura Hope Crews as Mr. and Mrs. Luxury, and Cecilia Loftus and Al Shean as the Grandparents. The Land of the Future (*where Mytyl and Tytyl meet all the little children who are yet unborn*) is the most delightful of the sequences and fairly wraps itself around your heart. Special praise should be given the original scoring of Al Newman. Even if you don't like fantasy, don't miss this.

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

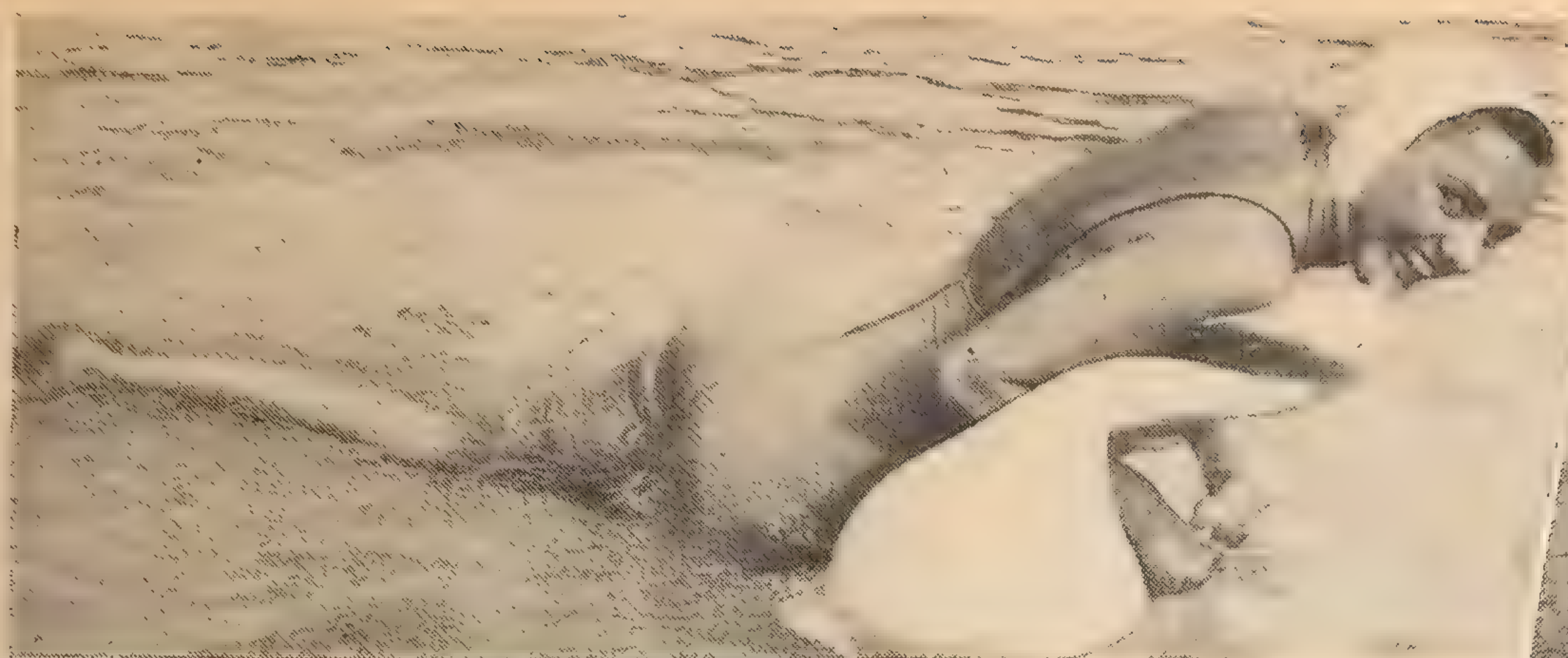
ABE AS HE REALLY WAS—RKO

ADAPTED from Robert E. Sherwood's famous play of the same title "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" is easily one of the finest pictures that ever has reached the screen. Magnificently directed by John Cromwell and produced by Max Gordon, with Raymond Massey as Lincoln, the picture is as close to perfection as any picture can be. In the picture, as in the play, Abraham Lincoln is depicted as the human being he really was—kindly and courageous, but also shiftless and unambitious, a man who had to be fairly driven to his destiny. Massey's portrayal of Lincoln is so great that he not only looks and acts like Lincoln, he is Lincoln. His is one of the great performances of all times. The picture starts off with Lincoln in the days of his youth when he first left his log cabin home to make his own way in the world, and carries him up to his election as president and his departure from his Springfield, Illinois, home for the White House in Washington. Broadway's well liked actress, Ruth Gordon, makes her first screen appearance as Mary Todd and gives a superb performance. [Continued on page 65]



Left: Margaret Sullivan and Jimmy Stewart in a scene from "Shop Around the Corner" which definitely has the Lubitsch touch. Below: Raymond Massey and Howard da Silva fight it out during "Abe Lincoln in Illinois."



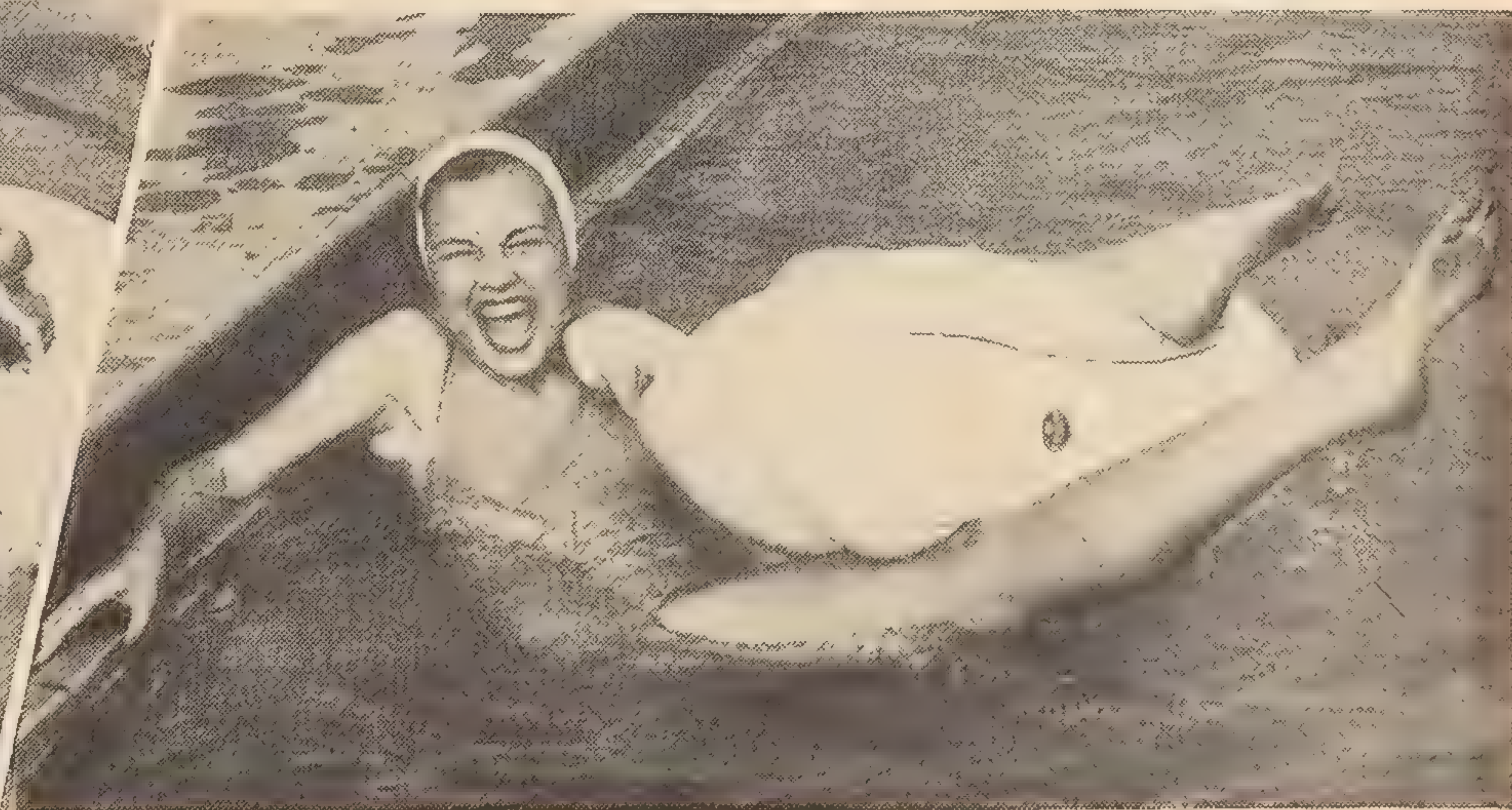


ABOVE: Marilyn Merrick, who's appearing in "It All Came True," the new Ann Sheridan film, decides to ride one of those rubber swans. *Right:* She gets one leg over. *Left:* Looks like she's actually made it and is ready to ride. Hold on, Marilyn!

Here's a Cute Trick!



RIGHT: Ooops! Marilyn's slipping a bit. Steady, Marilyn. It'll be a cute trick if you can do it. *Below:* Splash! Off she slips and back into the water. It's more trouble than riding a bronco, but twice as much fun. *Lower right:* She laughs it off and decides to quit. But Warner Brothers has high hopes for Marilyn, as an actress, ride a swan or not!



If I Had My Life

As Told to

"I've had good luck and I wouldn't change a thing," says Bing Crosby. "Fate licks some people and takes care of others in spite of themselves."

IF I had my life to live over again . . . well, since things have turned out the way they have, I'd be pretty silly if I said I'd try to make them any different. Yet I'd certainly hate to have one of my sons do some of the fool things I did when I was a young squirt! It was plain luck—with some pretty smart people advising me—that saved me from coming a lot of croppers. And I can't take credit for that! Still, I wouldn't change anything now. Not the way things are."

Sober-sided people have been shaking their heads over Bing Crosby and his goings-on practically ever since he can remember, predicting that no good could possibly come of whatever he was up to at the moment. Why 'way back when he was in his 'teens and spent the money he had earned picking apples on a down payment for a set of drums instead of a good school suit, folks were pretty impatient with him. But to the amazement of everyone he earned enough money with those drums to buy all his clothes from that time on and to pay his way through preparatory school, besides.

"I didn't finish college although I had the chance," he [*Continued on page 76*]

Below: Bing and Judith Barrett in a scene from his latest film, "Road To Singapore." Lower Right: In leisure moments you'll find Bing following his favorite hobby which is horse racing.



To Live Over—

Helen Louise Walker



"If I had it to do over, I'd change a lot of things," claims George Brent. "It isn't Fate or luck or any of those things that controls what you do."

IF GEORGE BRENT had his life to live over again, the chances are that he wouldn't be an actor at all! And if he had done what he thinks now he should have done, he would have missed the most exciting and colorful years of his entire life. His early mistakes brought him adventure and fun. But he still considers them mistakes. Later on he was to make graver errors which cost him much in heartache, and still others which delayed his success and the fruition of his bright plans.

George, you know (*or did you?*) spent his boyhood in Ireland in a vast stone farm house on the River Shannon. There he herded sheep, dug peat, hoed potatoes, and listened to the old men's tales of gallant battles of an earlier day. Sometimes he played hooky from the little country school and lay on the green river bank fishing and dreaming great dreams of derring-do.

Orphaned at eleven, he was snatched abruptly from this peaceful way of life and plunged during his most impressionable years into a maelstrom of violent activity and confusion, when he and his older sister were sent to live with an aunt in New York [*Continued on page 77*]

Below: George in a love scene with Isa Miranda in "Adventure in Diamonds." Lower left: Although one of Warners most active players, George always takes time out for relaxation.



Pictures on the Fire!



THE big noise around Hollywood this month is at

R-K-O

A BUNCH of important pictures shooting here. First, there's "The Primrose Path" starring Ginger Rogers and Joel McCrea with an imposing supporting cast. It's adapted from last year's best seller, "February Hill." A broken-down family living in the shanty section of Monterey, California, are the Adamses. The family is comprised of the indomitable and outspoken Grandma (*Queenie Vassar*), her daughter Mamie (*Marjorie Rambeau*), who is the breadwinner of the family, Mamie's broken-down husband (*Miles Mander*), her two daughters

Merle Oberon and George Brent in "We Shall Meet Again." *Right:* Anne Shirley and John Garfield do a scene for "Saturday's Children." *Below:* Fred MacMurray, Jean Arthur and Melvyn Douglas in "Too Many Husbands."



(*Ginger Rogers and little Joan Carol*).

Marjorie makes a living for the whole family through her numerous "boy friends." She and Queenie look with some concern on Ginger who shows no interest in boys and wanders around the neighborhood lonely and unhappy, taunted by the

children of more respectable families. Deciding to go to the beach, she thumbs a ride from Henry Travers who owns a little gas station and lunch counter. His grandson (*Joel McCrea*) runs the place. Joel is quite smitten with Ginger. She pretends to be the daughter of rich par-



Visits to the sets to watch the stars make scenes for their forthcoming pictures

By Dick Mook

ents and her line completely fools Joel.

At home she is teased about her mysterious boy friend until she can stand it no longer and runs away—to Joel—telling him her family wants to send her East to school. He thinks her parents are ashamed of him—a cheap gas-pumper—and, unknown to Ginger, goes to call on them. That's where I come in.

He's standing speechless with surprise as he gazes around the dump. "Well, don't look so surprised," Queenie snaps. "Ellie May (Ginger) musta told you her pa was a souse."

"Well, she didn't," Joel retorts.

"Well, we're just like you see us," Queenie comes back. "We ain't no better and we ain't no worse."

"Who works in this family, anyhow?" Joel demands suddenly.

"We ain't on relief," Queenie replies tartly, and then she puts the heat on him: "What are you—a millionaire?"

"No, I ain't!" Joel defends himself.

"I mighta knowed," Queenie retorts disgustedly.

"Is that why you put Ellie out—because she wasn't marrying a millionaire?" Joel explodes.

"Who said we put her out?" Queenie bursts out. "I don't know what kinda fairy tales she's been tellin' you, but she walked out by herself and besides," coming close to him and speaking impressively, "she took my best pair of slippers!"

"I'm beginning to get the idea," Joel says slowly as he picks up his hat and leaves.

What a grand picture this should make! I wish you could see the set they've built for this shack. Never—anywhere—have I seen a more dilapidated looking dump. The outside has been "aged" so it looks

[Continued on page 79]

Deanna Durbin and Kay Francis in a scene from "It's A Date," which Dick Mook watched being made and herewith gives you the dialogue he heard. *Right:* Adolphe Menjou and Maureen O'Hara in "Bill of Divorcement." The dialogue of this scene is also given to you. *Below:* May Robson, Billie Burke, Marsha Hunt and Alan Marshall in a particularly amusing scene from "Irene."





Clark Gable and his wife, Carole Lombard, attend the gala Hollywood premiere of "Gone With The Wind."

Topics For Gossip

[Continued from page 21]

ability naturally. Ida's paternal grandmother told Ida's father that one day somebody would invent a mask through which air could become purified and which would save many lives. Ida believes that the crude little sketch she made at the time for Ida's father might have been the original drawing for today's modern gas mask. Well, we wouldn't be knowing about Ida's grandmother, but take our word for it Ida's card reading is out of this world, it's so wonderful.

When beautiful Hedy Lamarr goes out of an evening she wears a great big single diamond in the part of her hair. It's a vogue a lot of gals would like to follow—but they ain't got the diamonds.

No chance of Linda Darnell losing that figure of hers. Several times a week she goes bowling with Robert Shaw, and there's nothing better for the figger than bowling.

Well, we thought we had seen everything, but we guess we haven't. Louis Hayward, who collects watches as a hobby, now has a watch in the top of his door key.

Nelson Eddy is just about to start on another concert tour of twenty-eight cities. And all seats in all twenty-eight theatres have long ago been sold out. Nelson was severely reprimanded in a national radio magazine recently because his fans had been resenting the fact that he didn't sign autographs for them after he left the theatre. That's rather unfair, Nelson thinks, and he wants to explain why he can't sign those autographs.

"I sign autographs by the hundreds every day," says Nelson, "but when I'm

Left: Annabella and Charles Boyer at the Franco-British relief dinner-dance. Right: Jerry Colonna got two lipstick kisses from Linda Darnell and Rita Hayworth when he was named "The Oomph Man!" just as a gag.



Tyrone Power and his wife, Annabella, were also among those present for opening of Clark's great picture.

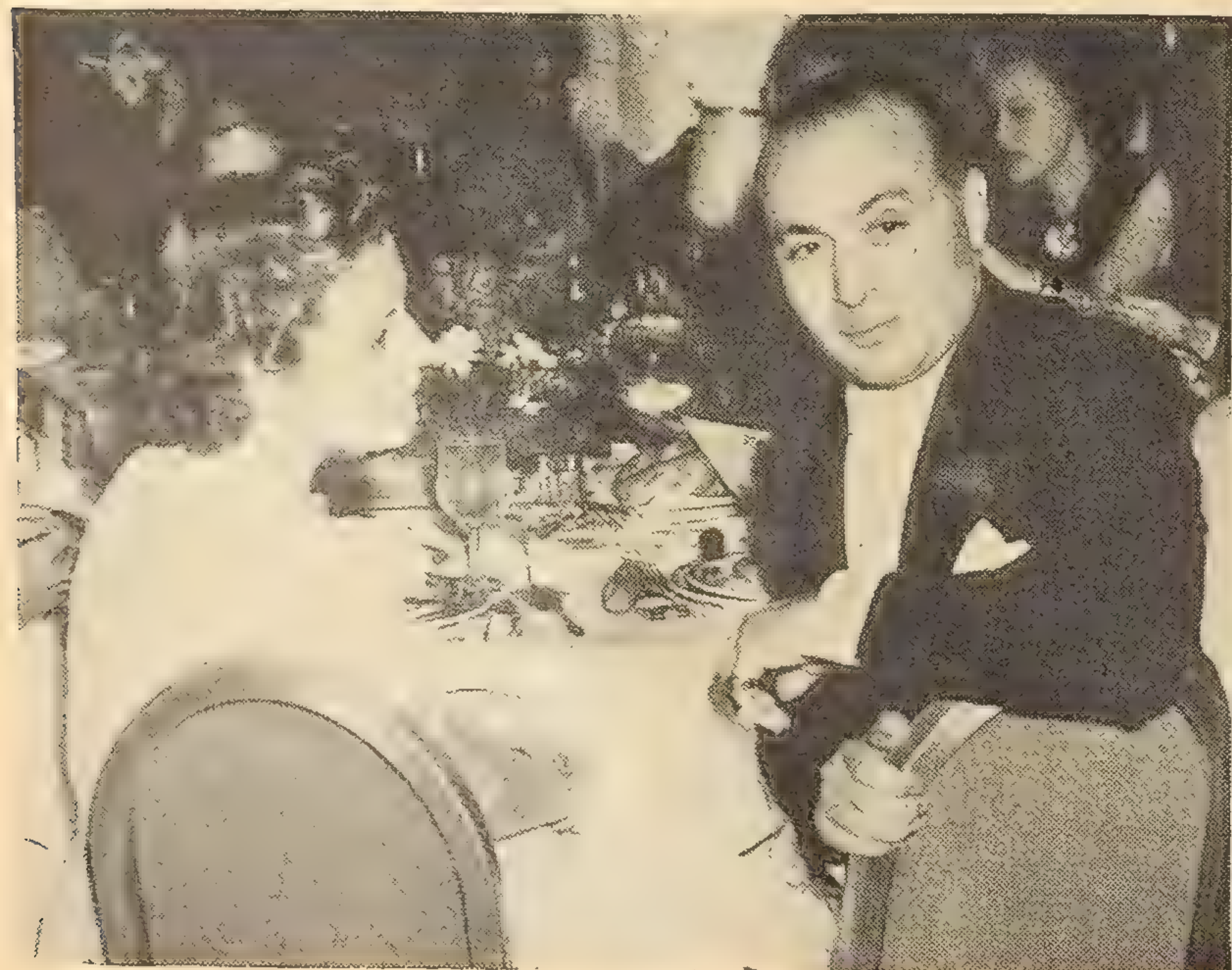
singing I have to be a little careful. I get on the stage and for two solid hours I sing and I sweat. And then when I leave the theatre if I stop out in front to sign autographs I get a cold, and there goes my meal ticket until I recover."

And so you Nelson Eddy fans mustn't get annoyed if Nelson gives you the brush-off. He's not trying to be high hat. He's just trying not to catch cold. He's even been stopped by rabid autograph hunters in a pouring rain!

Billie Burke will be a delighted grandmother any minute now. And there couldn't be a younger looking one.

1940 is going to be a great year for husband and wife teams. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell start things going in April when they co-star in "I Want a Divorce" for Paramount. Then Metro will follow with a picture co-starring Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, and another with Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck.

(Continued on page 82)



paces over to a nearby stage to watch Zorina. But no more.

More romance notes: Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore are sizzling again.

George Brent has finally discovered the oomph girl and he and Ann Sheridan are now in the throes of a romance. George is almost as talented as Jimmy Stewart in his ability to flit from one glamour girl to another. Bette Davis, his hot romance of this time last year, is now going places with Robert Foulk, New York stage director.

Fay Wray and Robert Riskin have been going places together, and ditto Chester Morris and Pauline Bryson.

Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier, the most in love people in Hollywood, will marry as soon as those divorces are final. In the meantime they are planning to chuck the movies temporarily in the spring and go on tour with "Romeo and Juliet."

Ida Lupino, who reads cards and predicts amazing things for her friends who ask her advice, comes by her psychic

At Atlanta's World Premiere

Ardent Horsewoman, she often rides along the road which winds through long-leaf pines, magnolias and Spanish bayonets on the picturesque Southern estate.



Hall of the spacious Calhoun mansion, "Tryggvesson," on the old Pace's Ferry Road, she and friends prepare to leave for the premiere.

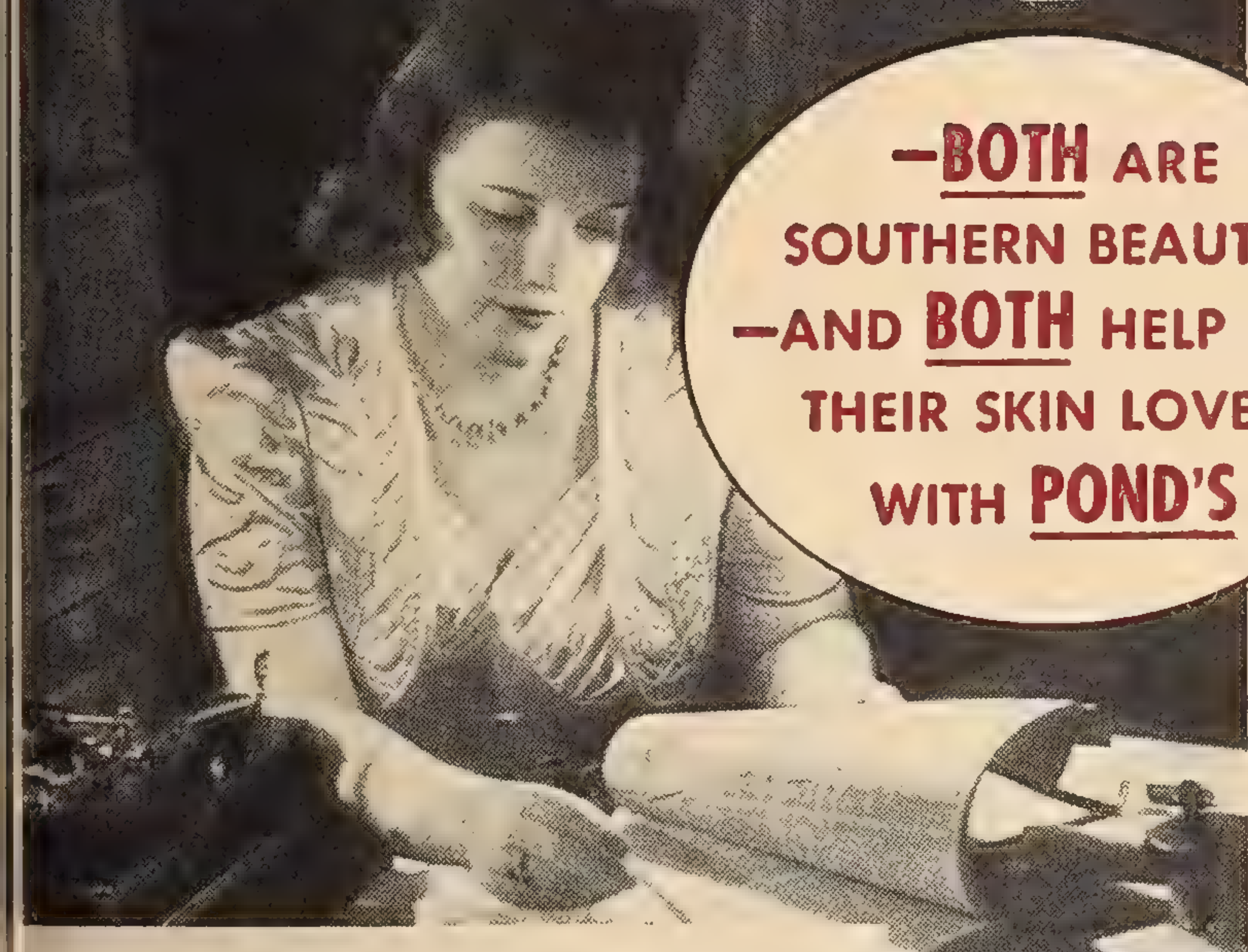


Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.



She was a Belle of the Ball

She wrote it up



**—BOTH ARE
SOUTHERN BEAUTIES
—AND BOTH HELP KEEP
THEIR SKIN LOVELY
WITH POND'S**

Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the Atlanta Journal column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.



Before the Premiere—Atlanta was alive with parties—Susan Medlock interviews guests on "new" 1860 gowns at buffet supper, while Mammy's serving old Georgia punch—"sillibub."



In a Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.

We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

QUESTION: So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for me! Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 7SS-CVD, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Morality Rules for Married Movie Stars

[Continued from page 41]

worse, into the newspapers.) So one of the morality rules for married movie stars in Hollywood is "Beware of Fans." The movie star wants to be polite, the fan wants to express her admiration, but mercy me, the results are invariably quite messy. Remember the fan who camped on Cary Grant's doorstep? And the fan who tried to sue Clark Gable for a pretty penny?

Well, nothing terribly embarrassing like that has happened to Ray, he's really only met the nicest kinds of fans, except on two occasions, but those two quite innocent occasions had so many reverberations that he's very wary now. Several months ago he found two very attractive blondes waiting for him outside the Paramount gates. He gave them an autograph, and his best smile, and wished them a good afternoon as he drove away in his car. He noticed soon afterwards that they had jumped into their car and were following him. In Beverly Hills there was a loud report and he saw through the mirror of his car that they had had a flat tire. Feeling responsible, for no reason whatsoever, Ray turned around and drove back to help them fix the flat. But it seems there was no spare, and anyway they wanted to get back to their hotel, and wouldn't Mr. Milland be sweet and take them. They piled into Ray's car and Ray dropped them off at their hotel. That night at the Trocadero he ran into Barbara Stanwyck (*a close friend of his and Mal's*) who kiddingly said, "Those were very pretty blondes you had out this afternoon, Ray." A stooge for a columnist heard it, and before another sundown it was in all the "lowdown" columns. All the women were saying, "Poor Mrs. Milland, such a sweet, lovely girl, too."

On a recent location at Big Bear episode number two occurred. There was one of those Junior League girls in the cast, you know elegant Society stooping to be an actress. The girl took quite a shine to Ray (*maybe it was the Milland charm, or maybe it was just because he was the star of the picture and the only person she considered important enough for her to associate with*), but anyway she found Ray about as responsive as a wooden Indian. But one night he went into town by himself, and was peacefully enjoying an ice cream soda at the local drug store, when a couple of dames, who evidently had had more than an ice cream soda, moved in on him. "You gotta take me home," one of them kept saying, every time he'd try to shake them. "You're no gen'man unless you take me home. I'll tell the newspapers Ray Milland is no gen'man."

"I can't take you home," Ray insisted, and then with a burst of inspiration, "I have to take my wife home."

"I don't believe you've got a wife," was the plastered one's retort.

"Yes, I have," said Ray glibly. "See the girl buying cigarettes. That's my wife. Goodbye now."

Well, the girl buying cigarettes was Society Menace Number One, and Ray had to take her by the elbow and shove

her out of the drugstore and into his car. It seemed a good idea at the time, but a few days later Ray discovered that he had only fallen from the frying pan into the fire. There was plenty of whispered chit-chat all over the "location" about Mr. Milland driving home with Miss So-and-So the other night. And of course it wasn't long before all Hollywood heard about it—and suspected the worst. All the women were saying, "Poor Mrs. Milland. And she's expecting a baby, too."

"And it had to be that Society girl, the one girl I simply loathe," Ray sighs dismally when he tells about it.

Another morality rule for married movie stars is "Beware of public appearances—*without* the wife." You'll notice that most of the married stars are very cautious about appearing in public unless they have the little woman right by their side. You rarely see a picture of Clark without Carole, Bob without Barbara, Dick without Joan, Ty without Annabella, Fred without Lillian, etc. When Fred MacMurray's old orchestra, with many of his pals still in it, played in Hollywood not long ago, they invited Fred to wave the baton one night for old time's sake, and attend a party afterwards. But Lillian was ill that night and couldn't go, so Fred promptly turned down the invitation. Naturally some of the boys immediately called him high hat—but a movie star had rather be called high hat any day than have rumors started about his marriage.

Ray is usually very cagey about having his picture taken with a girl because he knows from experience that it will be the picture that appears in all newspapers and magazines and causes a lot of gossip. But even after years of professional ducking he got caught only a few weeks ago. As a publicity stunt for Paramount he flew to New York with the print of his English made picture "French Without Tears" to deliver it to the exhibitors there. He would only be in New York one night so he agreed to go night clubbing with one of the Paramount executives. There were no women at the table. But the next morning there appeared in the New York papers, to be picked up later by the Los Angeles papers, a picture of Ray Milland and Anita Colby, beautiful model, dining at the El Morocco. Miss Colby had been seated with her escort at the next table, but the way in which the smart photographer managed to snap that picture you would have thought that she and Ray had been dining and chatting together all evening.

But the unkindest cut of all happened several years ago when Robert Taylor was making "A Yank at Oxford" in England. Ray and Mal had Barbara (*that was before her marriage*) over for dinner and after dinner they decided to go over to the Palomar where Artie Shaw's band was holding forth in the best jitterbug manner. Mal had a blistered heel and couldn't dance, but she urged Barbara and Ray, who love to dance much more than they love to eat, to get out on the floor with the rest of the jitterbugs. The

next day there appeared in a gossip column a little item to the effect that Bob Taylor had better hurry back from England because Barbara and Ray Milland were striking up a romance, and had spent the entire evening together at a night club. Not even a mention of Mrs. Milland. So of course all the women went, "Poor Mrs. Milland. Such a charming girl, too."

Another morality rule is "Beware of friends and relatives in public." Even though you're the favorite cousin of a married movie star, or you're the little girl next door, who has known him since he was knee high to a duck, don't feel badly if he doesn't take you places when you visit Hollywood. He wants to, poor guy, and his wife wants him to, but he knows what people will say. Ray walked right into that one only a few months ago. On the boat returning from England he met a young woman he had known in London years before, and naturally he asked her to call him when she arrived in Hollywood. Mal gave a small dinner party for her and when the guests were departing Ray told her he would drive her back to the hotel. Now Ray is a gentleman, so he insisted upon crossing the lobby with her and escorting her to the elevator. Out of the elevator, from the Florentine Room, popped three Glamour Girls who immediately raised a pretty eyebrow—and just sort of casually dropped by to see Mal the next day.

And of course Mal will never forget the day that Mary Livingstone and Dorothy Lamour called her to tell her that there were rumors about town that Ray was planning to divorce her and marry Joan Crawford. Ray had been to Joan's often, nearly every Sunday night to be exact, but Mal had always been there, too. Mal happens to be one of Joan's closest friends.

Still another morality rule is "Beware of leading ladies." On the set from nine to six it is all right for little Miss Tootsie-Pie to be in your arms, on your lap, all over you, and no one thinks anything about it. But if Mr. Married Movie Star even so much as shakes hands with Miss Tootsie-Pie after they have left the studio there is bound to be a scandal. Everyone wants to believe that a good-looking star is in love with his lovely leading lady, and that those so beautiful screen kisses are real, and so if the two of them can just be seen together off the screen that's all the public wants to know. It is a romance. They really *are* in love. It is all right for Ray to lunch with his co-star at the studio commissary, but if he's found dining at a restaurant with her, that's something else again. I'll say.

So you can see that the life of a married movie star isn't exactly a bed of roses in Hollywood. No wonder they abide by those morality rules, even though it often makes them seem high hat, rude, and churlish. But no matter how careful they are they still get talked about almost every time they poke their puss out of the front door. But what can you do about it?

"Have you ever wished for a BRAND NEW SKIN?"

Well, you're going to get one!" says Lady Esther



Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe, a new skin—a new-born skin—is coming to life upon your face, your arms, your whole body!

Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream *lift that veil!* Gently and soothingly it wafts away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

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All the better if he's a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream *at my expense*. Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a *perfect* base it makes for your powder. See how it *does* help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it *does* help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample **FREE!**

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



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LADY ESTHER, 7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

How to have EYES MEN ADORE



There I was—spending another Saturday night reading a magazine! I saw the words "Eyes Like Stars—try WINX."



I bought some WINX Mascara and found it gorgeously easy to put on. My lashes looked *naturally* longer and darker!...



"Why didn't I notice those big, beautiful eyes before!" said Bob the next time we met. "How about a date for dancing?"



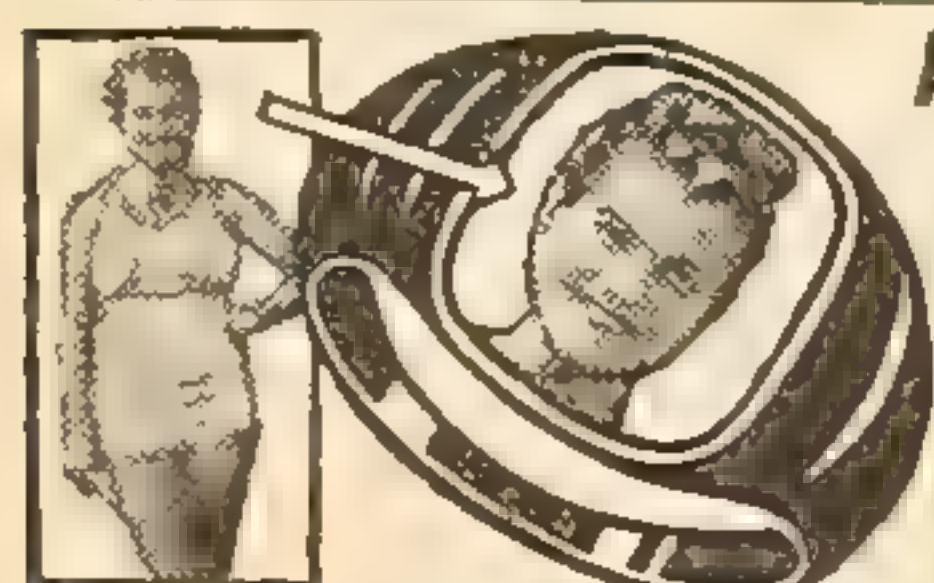
GET the new WINX Mascara, also Eyebrow Pencil, Eye Shadow, and Lipstick in harmonizing colors! Good Housekeeping Approved! In the new Pink packages—at 10¢ stores today!

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ORIGINAL SONG POEMS any subject. YOU CAN write the words for a song. Don't delay—send us your poem for immediate consideration.

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The only Ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! (Photos returned.) Indestructible! Waterproof! SEND NO MONEY! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 48c we pay postage. Canadians: Send Money Order!

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She Didn't Wait for Lady Luck

[Continued from page 39]

conversation and not succeeding very well, as a girl and boy will when the only thing they can think of is the finality of the good-byes they'll soon be saying.

"I was in tears," Dorris said slowly. "And scared to death. Maybe it would have been different if it happened that first time when another talent scout had paid attention to me. He was on the long hunt for Scarlett O'Hara and I was so excited after my interview with him I couldn't eat or sleep or think. I was keyed up to it then, so sure something would come of it. Not Scarlett O'Hara . . . that was too impossible. But something else. Hadn't he said I had a pretty profile? Hadn't he said he would keep me in mind and taken my photograph back to Hollywood with him? I watched the mail box for months before I stopped hoping.

"But this time I put a guard on my emotions. I refused to get excited when the scout saw me in the college play and complimented my performance. I kept telling myself nothing would come of it. It's funny how they all go through the same routine, I thought, complimenting my looks, asking to keep my photograph, telling me I'd be kept in mind. Even when I was one of the eleven girls invited to the banquet he gave in New Orleans at the end of his southern trip I told myself it meant exactly less than nothing.

"And I was glad I hadn't allowed myself to get too wound up about it when over a month passed and nothing happened. Then, when I was up to my neck in the final semester exams, the telegram came:

Report for screen test in five days

"That didn't leave much time for thinking, of course. I called up my family in Memphis and told them all about it and packed my trunk and said goodbye to my friends and left. And here I was and the train was going to pull out in fifteen minutes.

"I was looking around for Mary Healy, the New Orleans girl who had been picked with me, when I heard a band and saw a crowd arriving. It was almost like Mardi Gras time with everyone throwing handfuls of confetti and bright streamers. It was all for the girl who stood in the centre of the crowd, the pretty girl with dimples in the corner of her smile who seemed so confident and poised as she stood waving to the crowd, a corsage of seven orchids dripping from one shoulder and a cluster of rosebuds pinned on the other.

"I was so impressed I could hardly stand it as I stood with my nose to the window watching the glamorous celebrity who had just arrived. I was just trying to figure out which Hollywood star she was when I suddenly recognized Mary!

"Then someone shouted. 'But there's another girl going! Where is she?'

"I heard my own name called and my beau took my hand and pulled me through the crowd in the train and out on the platform. Someone lifted Mary up be-

side me and now that she was close to me I saw she wasn't really confident or poised at all and that her smile was trembling.

"Hello Dorris," she whispered. "I'm so scared my knees are knocking together. Here," she suddenly realized I wasn't wearing any flowers, 'wear these,' and she pinned one of her corsages on me as the cameras started clicking."

That was the beginning of a friendship that was going to mean so much to both girls. All across the continent they talked, each of them scared to death and trying to bolster the other's confidence. Then at Hollywood there were more newspaper men and the two girls smiled for the cameras again wearing the corsages that had been carefully preserved on ice.

Everything was going so beautifully. Their screen tests went over with a fanfare of praise and their future success was prophesied in such glowing terms they had to pinch themselves to be sure they were awake.

"Aren't we the two luckiest girls in the world?" they told each other.

They were breathless with the luck that had come to them. It seemed terribly important then to be signed as contract players at fifty dollars a week. They rented a small furnished apartment and bought a second-hand car to take them to and from the studio. The first time Dorris appeared in a picture she was as excited as if she were playing the lead instead of atmosphere.

But as time went on she began to be restless.

"I began to feel as if I were through," she said. "Maybe it was silly of me, but I couldn't think of myself as a rank amateur just beginning a career. You see our University plays were very important in New Orleans. Even touring companies don't play there very often and so our shows took the place of the professional theatre. Everyone dressed for our first nights and sent flowers to the principal players and the newspapers sent critics and gave us publicity and interviewed us as if we were professionals.

"I suppose I'd lost my perspective entirely, but I began to feel like a leading lady who had suddenly been demoted to playing bits. And it didn't help any to read my own home town papers from Memphis and see the glowing reports they were printing of my progress in Hollywood. You know a small town is almost like your own family. Everyone looks upon you as if you belonged to them. I've always been so glad I was born and brought up in a small place rather than a big city like New York or Chicago. It's so heart warming.

"But now I began to see the other side of it. I'd feel myself blushing as I read that I was appearing in such and such a picture, as if I were a star instead of one of a mob scene.

"It was when newcomers were signed that I felt unhappiest. They were so sure they had arrived, so hopeful. They felt all the things I had felt in the beginning.

(Continued on page 68)

She was a Jewel of a Wife...*with just one flaw*



She was guilty of the **"ONE NEGLECT"**

that mars many marriages . . . **"LYSOL"** helps avoid this

EVERYONE admitted that Mary was beautiful, charming . . . a perfect housekeeper, cook, and mother. Why should her marriage have turned out badly?

She had failed in just one thing. One neglect had robbed her of the daintiness her husband loved. Do YOU use "Lysol" for intimate cleanliness?

Even the most tolerant husband finds it difficult to forget or forgive a wife's carelessness about feminine hygiene. More women should follow the "Lysol" method. "Lysol" is used by thousands of doctors, nurses, clinics, hospitals. Probably no other preparation has been so widely used by generations of women for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is preferred because . . .

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

1. **Non-Caustic** . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. **Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. **Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* be-

cause of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. 4. **Economy** . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. 5. **Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6. **Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

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Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

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*If cleaning house
gets wearisome
try Flavor-Town's
delicious gum*

Tired? Jittery? Take the time to refresh and rest yourself with Beech-Nut Gum. Six delicious kinds. Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of candy-coated BEECHIES: Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin. Below is the "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N. Y., famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.



Beech-Nut Gum



Errol Flynn Gives Himself a Grilling!

[Continued from page 36]

with a certain amount of self-contempt, I must say. I always feel a little bit ashamed, I'd blush if I had a blush left in me, when I take *them* checks. Then why don't I duck out? *I don't want to!* I know I'd be a fool, materially, to walk out of a gold-mine that's paying dirt.

"But the trouble is, they spoil us, they pamper us in a hundred ways. If we're late on the sets, for instance, they don't dare say anything to us, not to US. Well, they *should* say something to us. They should bawl hell out of us. They bawl hell out of everyone else.

"On the sets there are service boys at hand to light our cigarettes for us. If we get thirsty, there are boys at our elbows with cokes, milk, hot coffee, orange juice. Only thing they don't do is hand us a bottle, nipple attached, and feed us."

"When we're on location, the luxuries of the most effete civilization are brought along. The desert cacti are cushioned. We are asked, Mr. Flynn, do you mind if someone rides in your car with you? Why the blazes should we mind? Are we in purdah? It's the studio's car, anyway!

"On location with the 'Virginia City' troupe in Flagstaff, Arizona, a school-teacher with three of the kids in the picture was parked in the car Reserved for Mr. Flynn one day. As we approached the car, Big Boy Williams and I, the teacher and the kids went into a dither, preparing to make hasty exits. Maybe it was my beautiful, sensitive nature, but I could just *hear* those kids thinking, 'Here comes the Greatie, Biggie Movie Star, let's scam!' Of course, I told them to stay where they were.

"Nothing, I find, upsets me more than being treated like a Big Shot. That's why I like doing these westerns . . . those cowboys don't give a damn for any one of us. If we're all right, *they'll* decide that and maybe talk to us sometimes . . . if we play our cards right.

"One nice, little trait raises its pretty head in my changing character . . . I'm becoming a thousand per cent more tolerant than I used to be—of people that dislike me. When I first came to Hollywood, first realized that I had made enemies, that some people didn't like me, I was worried, definitely. I was confused. I didn't know, then, that as soon as people treat you like a Big Shot, you're a gone goose. More and worse, when they did treat me like a B.S. I didn't know what to do about it. I backed away from it. Instead of letting down my hair, I made it more difficult for myself by drawing into my shell. I became a strange character, even to myself. If I'd said, boys, I'm the sensitive type, all this is hurting me, they'd have given me the oh-yeah treatment, and the horse laugh. Now I've lost my sensitivity. Now I don't draw into my shell any more, I wear the thing on my back. Now if anyone gives me the incense, I say oh, for goshake, shut up! and—the enemy ranks have dwindled.

"I have Big Boy to thank for an awful lot. He's a wise old so-and-so, right down to earth, is Big Boy, another Will Rogers

in his salty, sane philosophy. I met him first when we were making 'Dodge City.' The third day on the set we were horsing around and all of a sudden he said to me, 'y'know, I thought you'd be a so-and-so . . . ' And that was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

"So, Flynn, I say to myself, unlike the leopard you've changed your spots in some places, not all of them. Friends, for instance, you haven't changed friends. The same old gang still goes. You've made some new friends, I hope, but not at the expense of the old-timers.

"You still stay away from rushes. You never see any of your rushes. Scairt? Naw, not you . . . you're just waiting for Bank Nite in the projection room, then you'll be there . . .

"I've got past the spending splurge," Flynn continued, impartial now as to whether the ceiling, or me, was his audience . . . "the spending splurge which attends the nativity of most stars. I bought a ranch, a yacht and a gold-mine when I first got my mitts into the Hollywood do-re mi. So now I'm sort of saving up to break even with Uncle Sam. I still have no interest in clothes. My mother thought I was a lost soul. She said so when she was here some months ago. She deplored my manners and my language and the hours I keep. But she didn't have to read that I was one of the Ten Best Dressed! I still can do without almost anything so long as I'm eating well. It's the old feed the soldiers well and keep them happy theory. I have no hobbies except my boat. I don't collect anything. I have no extravagances, really, except food and wines. I do indulge a passion for wines, good, *old* wines, the right wine with every course at dinner. I love to eat, not very much or rather, not very often. I eat only one meal a day, but boy, I really make a job of that! Now, if Damita were here she'd be saying something like this at this point, 'Yeah, and you're fussy about your food, too, Flynn,' she'd be saying, 'don't hedge, you know you are . . . you've got to have the service but perfect, the garnishing perfect, the epicure stuff' . . . all right, all right, so I do, I'd say, so what? So it's all a part of the Life of Ease and Plenty, that's what it is, time was when I could eat a hunk of donkey meat and like it, don't forget that . . .

"Maybe," said Flynn, "maybe it's advancing years, maybe it's age coming in maybe it's because the thirties have got us . . . I'd be interested in having children now, for instance. I wish, now, that I'd had children five years ago. Why do I want children? I ask myself that and answer—for companionship. Not that I'd get companionship, I suppose, no one ever does . . .

"Then there's women . . . well, I understand women better than I did five years ago, I'll say that to the world. I'd have to because five years ago I didn't understand them at all. I couldn't talk to them. They used to scare hell out of me. I was a dull man's man. But making pictures with women, with different

women, gives you an understanding of them, bound to. You find yourself in all sorts of different situations with women, in the various scenes in pictures. And even if it is just play-acting you absorb a certain amount of feminine lore, at that. I get along with women now. I no longer say the wrong thing, well, not often, or nothing at all. I have a couple of good women friends.

"How else have you changed, Flynn? I ask myself. Well, I once was tense, on fingers' edge, when any strange or embarrassing situation came up. Now I don't care. I not only don't care but I take a malicious delight in creating embarrassing situations just for the hell of it. Now I get a lot of fun out of being in the middle of a situation and walking out on it, leaving the protagonists to figure it out.

"I tell myself, admiringly, that I am acquiring poise. I entertain the hope that one day I may be as good as the old roué in Paris who, the story goes, met up with his wife one day just as he was helping his mistress out of a cab. Now, most men would have ducked. But not our old roué. He made them both a sweeping bow and said to his wife, 'My dear, I want you to meet Miss Floozie Floobottom,' and then, the introduction effected, he added, 'and now I am sure you two ladies must have a lot in common to talk about,' and, with another gallant bend from the waist, he stepped back into his cab, and was off. That illustrates my point exactly. That was enjoying, maliciously enjoying, a situation and leaving it right in the middle. The touch 'you two ladies,' raises it to classic heights.

"For much the same reason, in much the same wicked way, I now enjoy parties. Big parties. *Hollywood* parties. I used to loathe them. That was the self-conscious thing. Now," said Flynn, his eyes meeting mine for the first time since he began his self-addressed monologue, "now I'm crazy about parties. And that's this sardonic thing. I have such fun going to parties now, setting people at each other's throats, sewing sinister little seeds of discord, doubt, distrust, seeing how much fur I can make fly and then walking out on it when it's all nicely under way.

"Which makes me ask myself, Flynn, are you a kindly soul? And the answer is, No. No, I'm not. I'd like to be kindly, I mean to be kindly, but I find myself being a—!

"I have a feeling," said Flynn, "that I am marking time. For what, or why, I wouldn't be knowing. When I first came to Hollywood I sort of kicked it around, before it kicked me, if you know what I mean. I said, at first, it's an interlude. It's just another adventure. I'll skim the cream off it and be on my way. I don't say that now. Because, as I've remarked, I'd be a fool to try anything else, a fool to quit this life of Ease and Plenty, to go after callouses instead of the silken cushions and the minions to do my bidding.

"So you really like it, then, Flynn, old softie, I say to myself, you really lap it up, don't you? And the answer is, You bet. You bet I do. It's been a fascinating five years. I can only hope that the next five years will be as full. I'm grateful for

every minute of it. I ought to get down on my knees for all of it. And I will. But not here. Not now—the floor's too hard!

"But have you improved, Flynn? is my next and last question in my self-catechism. And the answer comes, clean cut as an intaglio, NO! Definitely NOT! If I had improved, *I wouldn't be here*. I'd be out after that hard work I say I want. I'm not out after it. I was a pretty nice guy when I came here. I didn't believe in Santa Claus, but I wouldn't have been knocked for a loop if the old boy had popped out of the chimney. Now, I sneer more than I should. Instead of the kind of easy tolerance one should have, I'm a mixture of the cynical and the sardonic. Which is not very nice.

"So what, then, does it all add up to? Am I sadder or wiser than I was five years ago? Well, it varies, I answer myself, it varies. It goes around. And somehow, somehow *it doesn't matter as much as it once did whether I'm happy or unhappy*. And this, a little birdie told me, a little birdie who is the dead spit of an owl, this may be, *can* be the beginning of all wisdom. I think of other people's problems more than I used to do, I think of other people's happiness or unhappiness, which is something I was always too excited, too erratic to do before. Maybe this *is* the beginning of something . . ." Flynn brought his gray eyes to rest on mine for the second time during the soliloquy. "Come around in ten years," he then invited, hospitably, "and maybe I'll be a nice guy again by that time . . ."

Honey

BEAUTY
ADVISOR

asks:

"DOES YOUR HUSBAND WANT TO
SHOW OFF YOUR CHAPPED, RED HANDS?"



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HINDS FOR HANDS



Holiday's End

[Continued from page 27]

Success followed success. She became completely absorbed in her career, nothing mattered to her outside of this charmed circle. Then, at the very height, her world began to crash about her. Jaime Del Rio died during a visit in Germany. Her contract with Edwin Carewe came to an end; there were distressing legal complications. The talkies took the screen and typed her in native characters. With her luscious Latin beauty and her accent, producers were convinced she belonged in sarongs, rather than Parisian costumes, and she realized she was having no chance to prove her versatility as an actress. All in all, she was at a dangerous point.

But she had courage, superb courage. She did a daring thing, almost a fatal procedure in Hollywood; she remained off the screen for more than a year rather than continue playing roles she felt would send her into oblivion. It was a terrific gamble, but acting was too dear to her to let it slip without a fight.

At last, she was given a good part in "Flying Down to Rio," followed by "Wonder Bar," then came "Du Barry," a beautiful costume drama that will always rate as one of her favorites. So again, she was launched on a successful career. But she had learned her lesson.

"I learned the hard way—through experience," said Dolores. "Never again would I allow ambition to smother me with its seeming importance. Never again would I be in the position where life stopped if anything happened to my career. That's a terrible hurt—I know, because I had it. I deliberately set about cultivating a variety of interests and discovered there were other things in life

beside personal achievement. I'm grateful I learned this lesson early enough to profit by it, for today I'm living more fully than ever before in my life."

As we talked, the room became dusky with the early twilight and Dolores' rich, radiant beauty stood out luminously against the greying shadows. A bowl of huge white chrysanthemums at her side, flashed a contrast; it was a picture to remember.

"The second great change in my life," she was saying, "came as suddenly as that first one that swept me out of Mexico into Hollywood, and a career. This was my meeting with Cedric Gibbons. Though I worked for twenty-seven weeks at the M-G-M studio, and he designed the sets for the picture, I never even caught a glimpse of him. It was just one of those odd situations.

"Then one night, I attended a dinner dance at Marion Davies' beach home. I was wearing a lovely new evening gown and feeling particularly festive and noticed that a gentleman, a very handsome one, too, kept looking at me all during dinner. I decided he must be a new actor who had come to town, for you see, we always think a handsome man must be an actor. After dinner, Marion brought him over and introduced him, and in that split-second, something very wonderful happened to Cedric Gibbons and me that changed our lives. We walked out onto the white marble terrace overlooking the ocean—the air was warm—it was bright moonlight; indeed, it was the perfect setting. Even Cedric, with all of his artistry, could not have planned anything more romantic.

"I don't remember that we talked, but I know we watched the white spray of the breakers against the wall and I thought I had never seen anything so lovely. Everything was so right. Neither of us was interested elsewhere, so perhaps we were in the mood for love. Cedric is a man of action, so we were married two months later, on my birthday, August 3, in the old Spanish Mission at Santa Barbara. That was eight years ago."

Cedric built a picturesque home in the Santa Monica Canyon, where they live as romantic a story as ever reaches the screen. They've kept the flame of romance burning, retaining all of those enchanting qualities of courtship, and utterly refuse to let their marriage become prosaic, or a mere matter of habit.

"I manage the home," said Dolores, proudly, "but Cedric is the head of the household. He pays the bills and makes all the decisions. That is as it should be. I approve of the husband being the dominating factor in marriage for it means emotional security, which in turn, means happiness.

"When I finish 'The Man from Dakota' we leave on a two-months' vacation, visiting Mexico City, Cuba, then on to New York. So you see, I wouldn't accept any role right now, no matter how alluring it might be, because this trip with Cedric is more important than any screen success. This in itself, shows you how my values have changed. Once, you couldn't have dragged me away before the preview, I would have awaited the verdict, feverishly, then began worrying over the next picture. Today, I get a keener joy out of my work than ever before because I am not chained to it. I love it, but I keep it in its place. Perhaps, we might call my present plan a happy interlude, or an exhilarating *encore*!"

A Prediction That Came Doubly True

[Continued from page 25]

Tracy will be 40 years old. It was in a house on Logan Avenue, Milwaukee, that he was born forty years ago. His dad was in the trucking business, and making enough money to send Spencer to college, a rare distinction in those days. War interrupted college and Spence served a hitch at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, outside of Chicago. In the same camp was violinist Jack Benny. After the war, Tracy went to Ripon to complete his college career, and it was his inclusion on the Ripon debating team that persuaded him of the appeal of the stage.

His stock company experiences were important for two things: (1), he married Louise Treadwell, New Castle, Pennsylvania ingenue, at Cincinnati, while she was playing opposite him in "Buddies;" (2), he got his first Broadway play under George M. Cohan. He says that Cohan, most natural actor on the legit stage, taught him more about show business than anyone else.

Tracy is a queer mixture of qualities. He is a born "kidder," and yet one of the most worrisome of actors. He never receives a script without venturing gloomy forebodings about it. The part is wrong,

it will be unbelievable, audiences won't like it—he has a regular rigmarole through which he goes, and invariably, the script which filled him with such gloomy thoughts develops into a fine picture. Perhaps, this is because he believes implicitly that an actor is as good as his part. "Great parts make great actors, Ed," he has told me time and again. "I don't care how competent an actor is—he isn't any better than the lines they give him to speak."

His career has been studded with great parts. The part of "Killer" Mears, in the stage presentation of "The Last Mile," was a great part, and he was great enough in it to win a movie contract. The part of Manuel, in "Captains Courageous," was a great part, and he was great enough in it to win an Academy Award. The part of Father Flannagan was a great part; it won him a second Academy Award. Against this background of roles, Tracy can be pardoned his skepticism over each new role; after all, he knows a great role from experience with great roles.

In the past several years, Tracy has become thoughtful. No longer is he the gay, irresponsible Broadway youngster

who had Hollywood guessing what he'd do next. John Steinbeck's novels have played an important part in the transformation, and Tracy's realization of his responsibilities as an Academy Award winner has altered him, too.

Louis B. Mayer, boss of M-G-M, also had something to do with this new Tracy. It was Mayer, who accepting the Academy Award for Tracy the first time, praised him "for Spencer's sense of discipline." Mayer went on to point out that Tracy never shirked anything the studio asked him to do; compared him to a soldier in the front line trenches who carried out orders even though he disagreed with them.

Tracy, from then on, has been playing that role. Between the Tracy of 1930 and the Tracy of 1940, more than ten years intervene. Today he is a serious, thoughtful man, with greater talent than most. The "actors' actor" is not letting down the actors. He has given them a model to shoot at. The Milwaukee boy is living up to all of his responsibilities.

On April 5, 1940, Tracy will be the year's best argument that "Life Begins at 40," because he has just started on his career.

Reviews

[Continued from page 50]

The huge cast is excellent, even to the atmosphere players. Stand-outs are Gene Lockhart as Douglas, Mary Howard as Ann Rutledge, and Alan Baxter as Lincoln's law partner.

HIS GIRL FRIDAY

HILARIOUS NEWSPAPER YARN—*Columbia*

THIS is the new version of "The Front Page" and we don't mind saying that it is much better than any of the old Front Pages you might find hanging around. Some bright young man, and he should be given a pat on the back, had the perfectly elegant idea of changing Hildy Johnson, the ace reporter, to Hildegarde Johnson—and the change is nothing less than a stroke of genius. As Hildegarde, Rosalind Russell is simply wonderful. She not only plays a smart young reporter, but she actually looks like one, and thanks to her the picture is much funnier than it ever was before. Roz, at the start of the story, has just divorced Cary Grant, managing editor of her paper, and is now engaged to marry insurance agent Ralph Bellamy, the type of guy who wears rubbers and carries an umbrella on a clear day. Cary immediately decides he wants his wife back, and incidentally his star reporter who has that famous "woman's angle," so he goes to work on poor unsuspecting Ralph Bellamy. One screamingly funny situation follows close on the heels of another. The dialogue is fast and furious and as snappy as the censors will allow. It's another hit for Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant. Excellent in a vivid dramatic bit is Helen Mack. In the swell cast are Gene Lockhart, Ernest Truex, Porter Hall, Roscoe Karns, Cliff Edwards, Regis Toomey, and Clarence Kolb.

THE FIGHTING 69TH

ANOTHER CAGNEY TRIUMPH—*Warner Brothers*

THIS is the story of the famous American World War regiment, the "Fighting 69th," which, composed mostly of New Yorkers, sailed for France shortly after America's entrance into the war. The picture introduces such real characters as the late Father Duffy (played by Pat O'Brien), the late poet Joyce Kilmer (played by Jeffrey Lynn), and Wild Bill Donovan (played by George Brent). But the key character in the film is fictional—it's that of Private Jerry Plunkett (played magnificently by Jimmy Cagney). Jerry is a tough guy at the Camp Mills training camp, but when he arrives in France and sees the horror and mutilation and blood in the front line trenches his courage crumples, and smart aleck little Private Plunkett becomes a yellow coward. He is loathed and despised by the brave guys in the 69th—that is, all of them except Father Duffy, who remains his friend throughout all his cowardly disgraces, and eventually enables him to die a hero on the battlefield. Besides the magnificent characterizations this is a praiseworthy war picture, showing with terrify-

[Continued on page 75]

THE EYES OF FASHION

by
Maybelline

Costumes of yellow, chartreuse, rust, brown, green, or any of the deep "Woodland" colors call for Maybelline black or brown shades of Mascara with matching eyebrow pencil. The harmonizing shades of Maybelline Eye Shadow are Brown and Green.

With blue, wine, black, fuchsia, all the purplish colors, wear Maybelline black or blue shade of Mascara and black eyebrow pencil, lightly applied. And to harmonize, Maybelline Eye Shadow in shades of Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray or Violet.

FASHION DICTATES

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It's a "must" in the Fashion outlook—and it's here to stay. Glamour that gives your eyes new importance with every costume you wear. All it takes is smart harmony in eye make-up. And that's easy with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Simply choose your Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in harmonizing shades . . . and notice the thrilling difference. It's fascinating to step up your beauty and style so *naturally* with Maybelline—the eye make-up that's smart because it's always in good taste.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in zipper case, 75c.



Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow in dainty pastel box.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with point protector.

Maybelline

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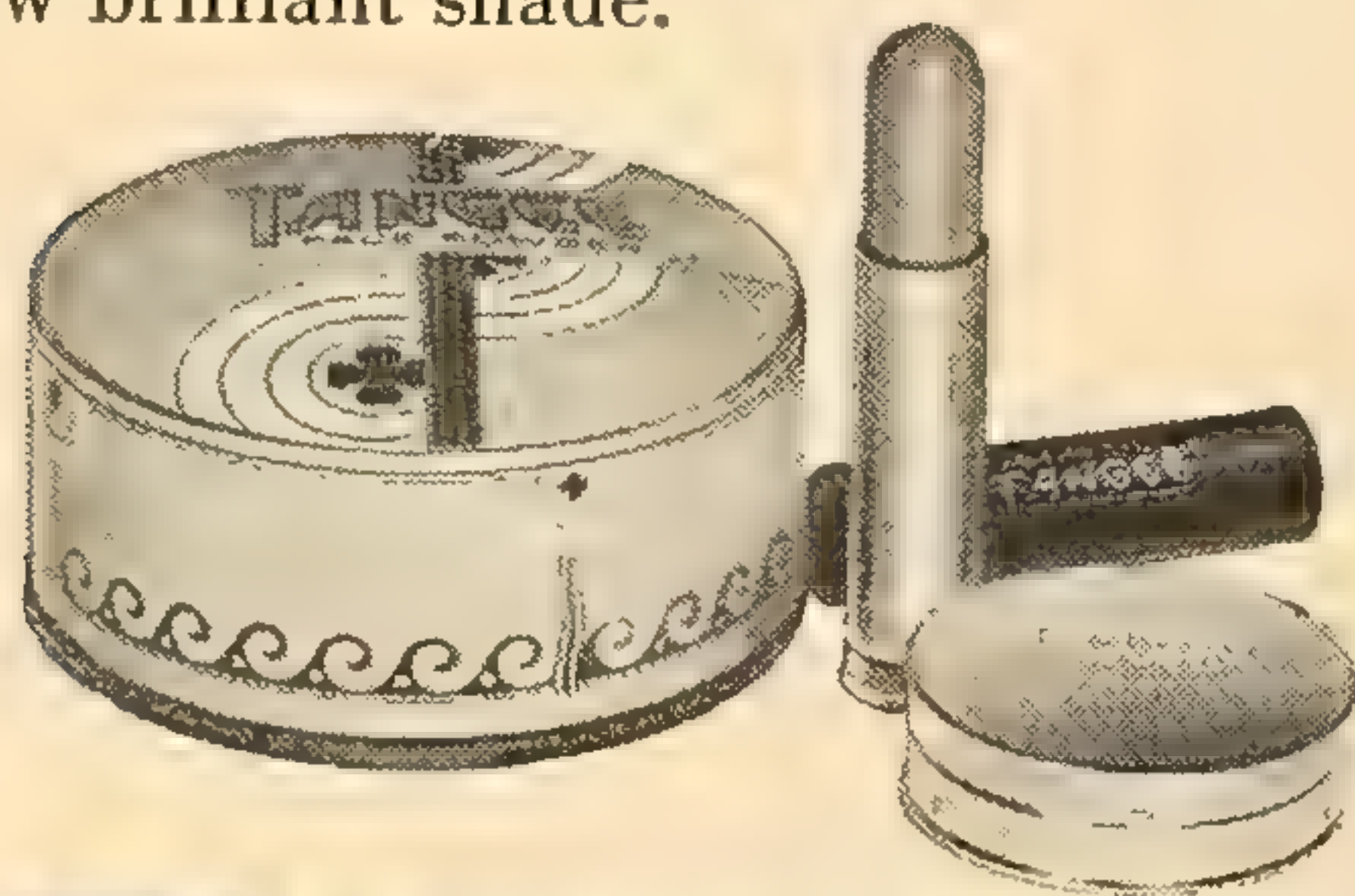


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Adventuress of the Jungles!

[Continued from page 43]

Small wonder she enchanted the natives of the South Seas and of Africa, so that they became docile subjects for Martin Johnson's camera. Osa's cheery smile was always there. But there were times when it faltered—when it was just a brave mask to hide her terror.

On their very first adventure together, the Johnsons missed a horrible death only by a matter of minutes. They were captured by cannibals when they scorned the advice of British government officials and invaded the island stronghold of Chief Nagapate, in the New Hebrides group of the South Seas.

"There are those who will tell you that cannibalism does not exist today in the South Seas," Mrs. Johnson said, seriously. "But, all I can say is that in connection with the Solomon Islands alone there is an area of some 40,000 square miles of ocean that must be policed and the British government is doing splendid work in this respect, considering all the handicaps. Yet I would not under any circumstances invade the interior of any of these remote islands without a formidable escort. As recent as 1927, the District Officer of the island of Malaita in the Solomon group, with his two white assistants and guard of twelve black soldiers, was murdered by barbarous natives from whom they were endeavoring to collect taxes."

The capture of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson occurred in 1912, on their first trip.

"Despite all the warnings," Osa explained, "Martin would not rest content until he had seen some savages who were really wild—those with human bones worn in their noses as ornaments—ugh!" She shrugged, remembering. "Africa is a land of beauty, a country peopled by savages of child-like faith compared to those of the South Seas, who are fierce and dirty, filthy beyond belief."

"On the island of Vao, we were given a hearty welcome by Father Prin, the old priest who was stationed there. But, when he heard that Martin wished to visit the neighboring island of Malekula, infested by cannibals, he shook his head in alarm. He said that he was convinced cannibalism was practiced right there in Vao, though the presence of a British gun-boat in the harbor caused the natives to take great care not to be discovered. But, Malekula—there was no doubt of the fiendish Fate which overtook anyone who ventured into that wild territory."

Father Prin cited hair-raising instances of burnings, poisons, mutilations, even though the victims had escaped being eaten. They were not to be trifled with, those natives. The good Father plead with Martin not to go to Malekula—at least, he said, he should not take his wife.

But Osa said, firmly, "If you go, Martin, I'm going, too." And, that was that.

So, they set out for Malekula in a whaleboat, with the aid of five Vao boys, who were supposed to be trustworthy. When they reached the island, they unloaded their cameras and the trade-stuffs they had brought along as presents.

On the beach, they were immediately

surrounded by a group of savages, frightful objects to behold. They were black and dirty, with heavy, lumpy muscles, and an outstanding shock of greasy hair. They were entirely naked, except for clouts of dried pandanus fiber. Their eyes were small and shifty, and very liquid. Osa was terrified. She shrank close to Martin. But, as the natives accepted the presents, and pretended indifference to the camera, Martin ground away and got some excellent pictures. Soon, he learned through his native boys, who acted as interpreters, that Nagapate, the chief of the tribe, was a short distance away in the bush, and, forgetting about danger, Martin and Osa plunged into the dark jungle, followed by three carriers with their photographic apparatus.

The trail was quiet and beautiful, but they knew that men were hidden in the wild, because above the trees here and there, they could see faint wisps of smoke. Each marked a savage camp-fire. Could that be where they were cooking the "long pig?" The Johnsons began to feel uneasy.

"Let's get out of this!" Martin cried, suddenly. But it was too late. Four armed savages blocked the trail, with their guns aimed at them threateningly, their eyes terrifying, promising the white couple the horrible Fate that Father Prin had warned them about. They would be roasted alive and eaten. A ring of black, cruel faces silently surrounded them. There was no escape. They were lost, on the island of the fiercest cannibals known to man. The end of the adventure—"long pigs."

From the circle stepped an enormously tall savage, the fiercest-looking of all. Hopelessly, Martin held out the presents he had brought. Nagapate (*it could be none other than the chief*) spurned the gifts, without so much as a look. He gave a signal, and the prisoners were seized. Martin was dragged in one direction, Osa, half-fainting, in another. But, suddenly, as if being enacted in a movie, they saw a British gun-boat steaming into the harbor below—a genuine, real gun-boat! It was a miracle!

Martin began to talk fast and furiously. He was talking for their lives, in the few native words which he had picked up. He knew that Nagapate was afraid of the gun-boat, and he convinced him that the boat had been sent there to protect them. The chief released them, and they began to run for the beach, stumbling and panic-stricken. They knew that Father Prin had been worried and had the boat sent for them. But their own boat had been pulled into a little inlet, and the patrol-boat, not seeing them, steamed out of the harbor!

The Johnsons were terrified, because the cannibals had seen the boat leave, too—this, they knew from the sudden call of the "boo-boos" (drums) across the island—and were right on their heels, as they raced madly. Fortunately, their natives had waited for them, and they poled in rapidly to their assistance. They dragged Martin and Osa into the boat, where they lay exhausted, and as they pulled the boat away, frantically, the savages poured out of the jungle onto

the beach. Osa Johnson's face was white, as she finished telling me the story.

"After all the years, I cannot forget the terror of that experience," she said.

That was the Johnsons' first skirmish, and probably their closest, with death. But, in spite of the danger, they could not escape the fascination of the South Seas. They went again and again into the stronghold of Nagapate, apparently winning him to friendship eventually, and bringing back priceless movies of the savages. But, the South Seas remain the most treacherous spot on the globe. Though everything appeared all right on the surface, the Johnsons never felt quite easy with the cannibals. And, why should they? Once, they left Nagapate's village hurriedly, when they discovered that a great fire had been built, for which there was no explanation, and an old native had come up to Martin and begun to pinch and poke him exploringly—no doubt, to see what kind of "long pig" he would make!

And, there is the story that in Malekula only a few years ago, a British official and his entire bodyguard of native soldiers were murdered, and presumably eaten.

Yes, there is no doubt that the South Seas were the high spot of danger in the Johnsons' career.

But, Osa Johnson soon learned to take great hazards and risks in her stride. Danger was all in her day's work, and she dismissed it with her cheery, unafraid smile. Many times, there were narrow escapes from death when they were filming animals.

For instance, a wild buffalo broke from a herd and charged Martin, as he cranked his camera, and, Osa, who was covering him with a gun, fired wildly again and again, then ran, as any woman would do—or, any man, too, I'll bet you! But, when the excitement died down, there were two dead buffaloes. Osa never missed, in a crisis. There was the leopard she shot that leaped into their blind, and another leopard she killed when Mr. Johnson's father stirred the beast out of a clump of bushes. It leaped straight at Martin and Osa shot it, again saving her husband's life. The trophies of these adventures were the heads that now furnished sinister decoration for Mrs. Johnson's office walls.

"When I first began tending the flashlights at night in the lion country, I don't mind saying that I suffered terrifically from fright," she said. "The lions often came up alongside of the truck and sniffed at the tires and even at the body of the truck while I lay there on a cot, ready to explode a flash that would show them at the kill we had staked down near the cameras as bait to attract them. Of course, we used to set many automatic flashes, but the best pictures are obtained when you trip the flash yourself. And, Martin taught me to whistle just before I pulled the thread that set off the flash. The sound caused the animals to look up, all alert, which added materially to the picture."

Bites from her wild animal pets have been another jungle hazard which Osa Johnson faced, for she *would* have pets. The bite of a gibbon ape, on her thumb,

set up an infection that would easily have caused the loss of her arm, if not her life, had it not been for the fact that they were able to fly 400 miles each day to have it dressed. That was in Borneo.

There is a disease, of course—the dread tse-tse fly—that is an African scourge. Yet, contrary to common belief, approximately only one fly in ten thousand is a conveyor of sleeping sickness, it is estimated. It is absolutely imperative, however, to keep in good health on safari, and the Johnsons were very lucky, in that respect.

There was one close call, however, which brought Osa Johnson the closest she ever came to death alone. This occurred when she and Martin attempted to climb Mt. Kenya, one of Africa's highest peaks. At an altitude of 13,000 feet, Osa was stricken with pneumonia. Had it not been for the heroism and self-sacrifice of Mr. John E. Wilshusen, now a resident of Detroit, she would have died.

This man was, at that time, representing an automobile company, in Africa. He cut a road through the bamboo fastnesses up the mountain, often holding his two-ton truck to the slippery cliffs with ropes, and managed to get Mrs. Johnson and her husband, who was suffering from an acute bronchitis, down that mountain, and then, without sleep, he drove four hundred miles to Nairobi and back, with a doctor and drugs, for Mrs. Johnson, who was too ill to be moved. This lasted over a period of nine days, during which the only sleep he had was the catnaps he snatched at the wheel.

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IF YOUR skin is rough or chapped — if it's marred by large pores or externally caused blemishes — if you want a softer, smoother complexion — try this extraordinary medicated cream — Noxzema!

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Nurses were the first to discover how grand Noxzema was for Chapped Hands and what a marvelous improvement it made in many Poor Complexions. Today millions of women are using Noxzema as a many-purpose cream.

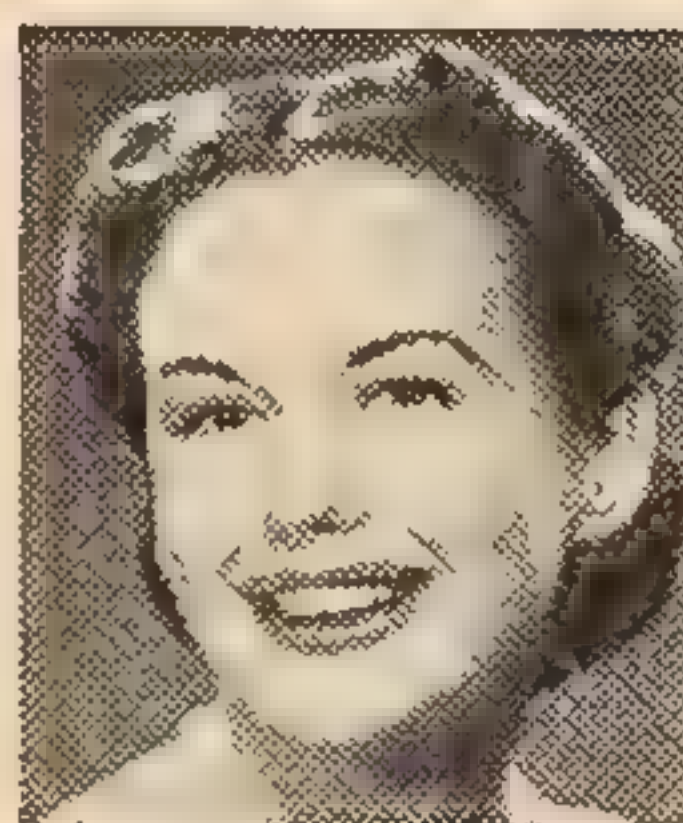
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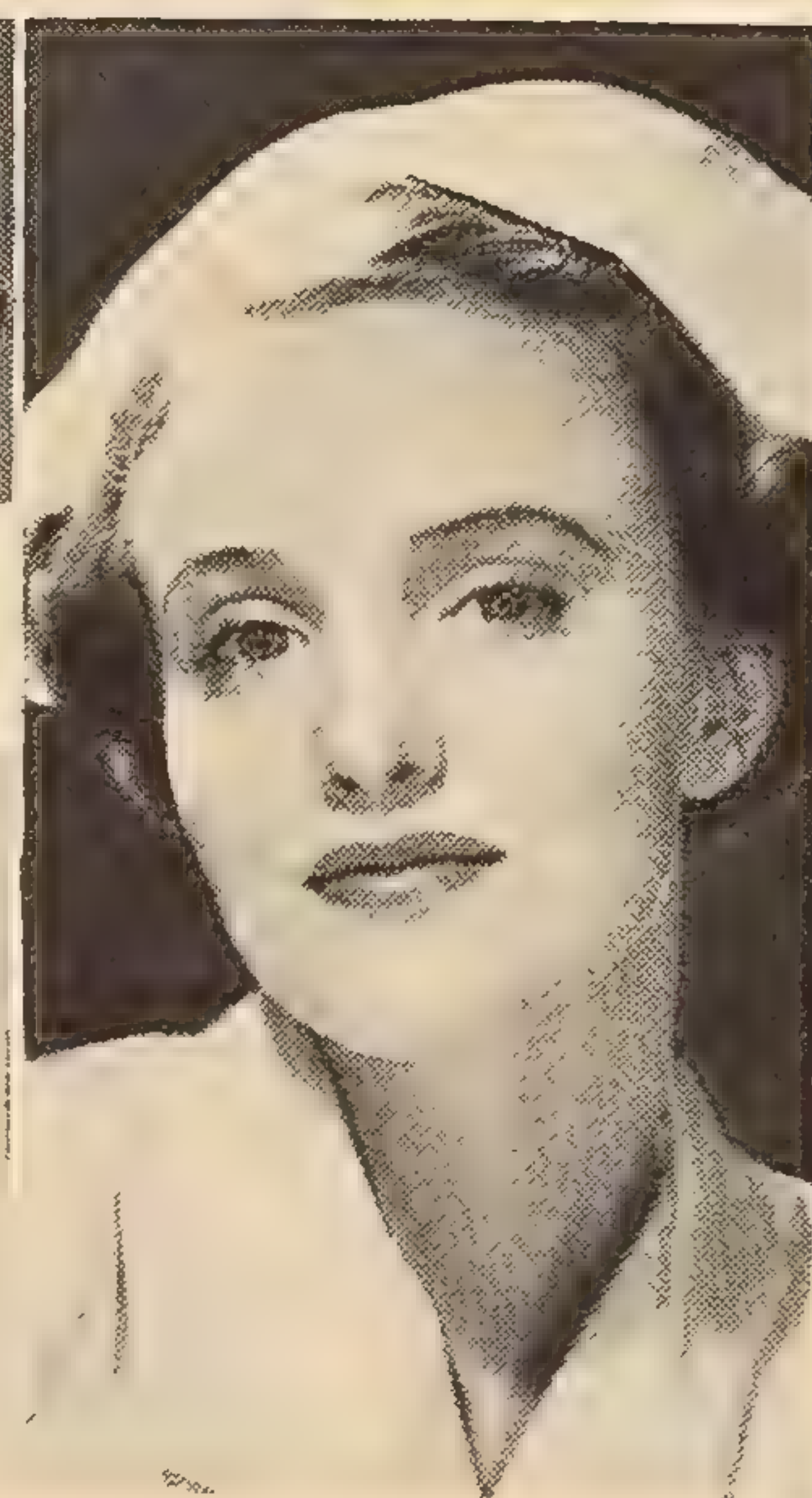
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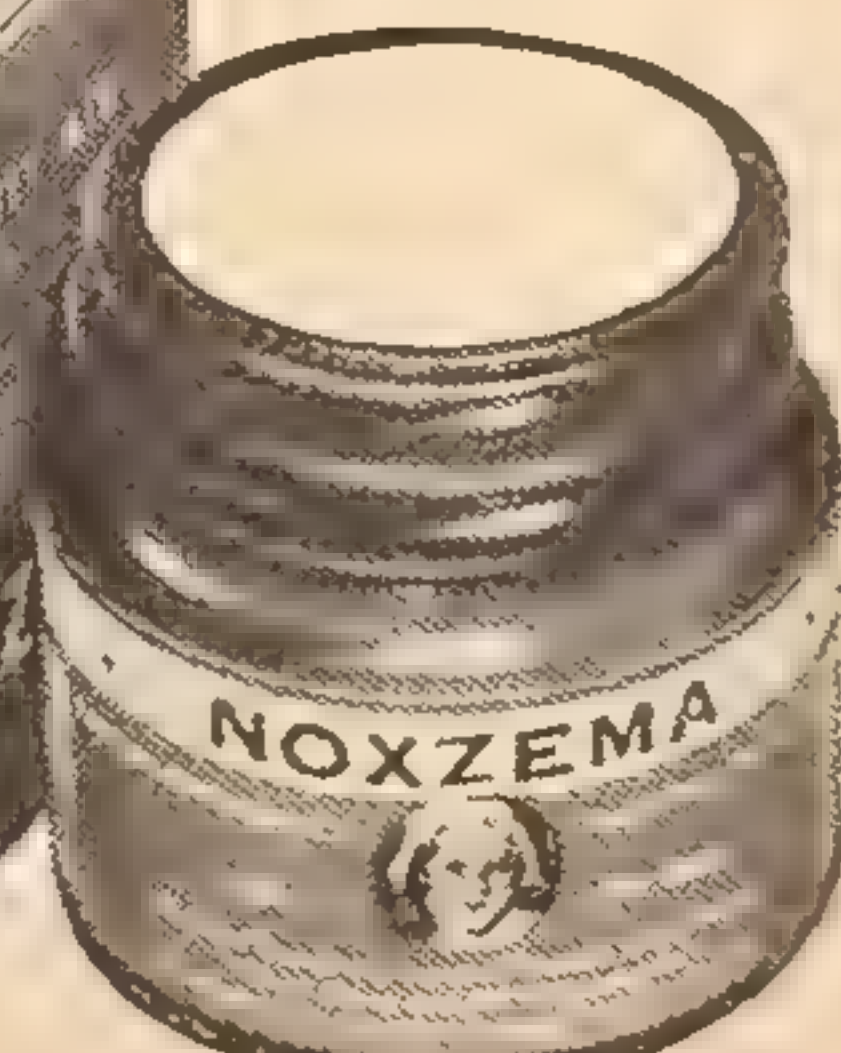
longer and helps make my skin so smooth and fine." — Mrs. Winifred Bloom, Lakeside, Cal.

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A different sort of narrow escape for the Johnsons occurred on one of those trips to the New Hebrides, in the South Seas. They were anchored one night in Port Sandwich, in a little boat. This is the way Martin Johnson described it: "At about three o'clock, Osa and I, who slept on deck, were rudely awakened by being thrown into the scuppers. We pulled ourselves to our feet and held tight to the rail. The ship rolled and trembled violently. Though there seemed to be no wind, the water boiled around us and the trees on shore swayed and groaned in the still air. Captain Moran and his brother came rushing from their cabins. The black crew tumbled out of the hold, yelling with terror. There was a sound of breaking crockery. A big wave washed over the deck and carried overboard everything that was loose. The water bubbled up from below, as if from a giant caldron and fishes leaped high into the air. After what seemed to be half an hour, but was in reality a few minutes, the disturbance subsided. We had lived through an earthquake!"

This was not one of the small, almost daily affairs of the islands, but, an earthquake of gigantic proportions. They were lucky to be alive!

"One harrowing experience that I really look back upon with a shudder," Mrs. Johnson said, "occurred when I went into our storage tent for a couple of cans of corn for dinner. As I moved a case to

get at the cans, imagine my horror when a giant cobra rose up with its hood spread to attack me. I screamed, and the black boys came running. They killed the cobra, moved the case and uncovered a nest of 25 cobras! A mother, and two dozen little ones, the bite of any one of which would have been fatal! Maybe you think we didn't clean that tent out in a hurry!"

Yes, the little 16-year-old Kansas girl that Martin Johnson married found more than twenty years of excitement and adventure at his side. Through it all, she ground the camera, faithfully, pulled the trigger of her gun, with unerring aim, played her ukulele and sang to entertain him and win the friendship of the savages, and, invariably, made a home for her husband in the heart of the jungle, on the plains, in the South Seas, wherever they stopped long enough for house-keeping.

"There are vegetable gardens all over Africa which I planted," Osa laughed. Would she like to go back and see how they're getting along? Of course, she would! And, she will be going soon—back to danger in the Dark Continent—without Martin Johnson, but still following her destiny, for the First Lady of Exploration accepts it as her destiny and without fear.

"There is much work which we started together and which I still have to complete," she added. "I am carrying on, as I know Martin would wish me to do."

She Didn't Wait for Lady Luck

[Continued from page 60]

Then I'd look at the girls and boys who'd been contract players for years and nothing had happened to them. There they were still playing bits, still delighted when their options were lifted and they could go on being atmosphere.

"I felt as if I'd been shunted onto a side-track, doing nothing.

"Then one day I decided I wasn't going to wait for chance any more, that maybe there wasn't as much to luck as I'd thought. When I was through early one day I didn't go on home to rest or read or go shopping. I went around the studio introducing myself to the directors and telling them about what I'd done in our college plays. It wasn't easy. I began to feel pushing and predatory and conceited, but I made myself go on with it.

"One day I mustered up a little more courage . . . it's funny how courage comes more and more to your aid when you just grit your teeth and try . . . and I went straight to Sol Wurtzel's office. He's the producer of the B pictures, you know, and I thought I might have more chance with them. But his secretary told me I couldn't see him without an appointment. Then as I left his office the door of John Stone's office opened and his secretary came out.

"I could hardly believe my ears when she asked, 'Do you want to see Mr. Stone?'

"She thought I had an appointment, so I pretended I did. And it just happened that he was casting one of the Jones Family pictures and was looking for a girl to play one of the leads. And

I got it."

Things happened quickly after that. Luck came into the picture again. Darryl Zanuck went into a projection room to see "The Great Waltz" and, as he was a bit early, he saw the end of the Jones Family picture that was being run off first. So, instead of going on with B pictures, Dorris was cast in "Young Mr. Lincoln" and John Ford was so impressed with her work in that picture that he chose her for a role in "Grapes of Wrath."

Even the seventh child of a seventh child couldn't ask for more luck than that. But Dorris isn't a believer in it any more. Her small feet are too firmly planted on the ground, her pretty head fastened too securely on her shoulders.

Not that she doesn't give Lady Luck all the credit that comes to her, not that she doesn't know there is such a thing as the timely chance and all the other things a lot of people spend a lifetime waiting for.

But it wouldn't have come to Dorris if she had waited. It was only when she went out after it that it came to her again.

Maybe there is a pot of gold hidden at the end of the rainbow, but all you people who believe in it can bet your bottom dollar that the one who finds it is the one who's gone out looking for it, who's walked the long miles to its hiding place and dug for it until their backs ached and their hands were blistered. Maybe luck is only another name for hard work after all.

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Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK

Glamour

[Continued from page 13]

soothing. They are all priced the same, and it is wise to choose the type suited to your needs.

When I asked Lucille about a make-up base, her answer was emphatically in the affirmative. She is enthusiastic about the Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up, and it is surprising how many letters come to my desk from readers, mentioning this make-up with great satisfaction. This, as you may know, is a compact cake form to be applied with dampened cotton or applicator. The effect is truly lovely and lasts a long time. Lucille uses a little rouge and a clear red lipstick. At this point I might add that the two high fashion color combinations for Spring are yellow with red (*you need a red lipstick*) and gray and hot pink (*you need a hot pink tone in lipstick*). There is a new tone in the Don Juan lipsticks, Military Red, a red so young, so gay, as inviting as April, itself. You will find the Don Juan lipsticks in your better drug and department stores. And directions give you a trick for making them stay on.

And now, Lucille, may I tell you something? I noticed that bandaged thumb. I noticed how you had to adjust your hands for those pictures, so it wouldn't show. You told me you had torn a nail badly, and something interrupted my suggestion which would have been, "Try Nail-On." This is a mender of torn nails,

or split or broken ones. In fact, you can even attach the tiny piece that breaks off. It looks like a clear polish, and literally glues you together again. You can use your polish right over the mend, and it saves pain, embarrassment and many a manicure. All busy fingers should keep a bottle at hand.

Again, Lucille said, "You probably won't approve, but I mix my bath accessories without any regard to scent. I use one scent in soap, another in eau de Cologne and another, maybe, in dusting powder. I find the milder use of perfume in them really doesn't clash. And I love foam baths. I particularly like those scented with pine, though my other accessories may be floral."

At this point, I thought I should get more personal, so I asked Lucille, now very languorous and lovely before the camera, if she had any serious problems concerning her appearance. I couldn't guess what they might be, if any. But her answer was a great, sweeping sigh, and these words: "I have two faults that have made me very unhappy. I am too tall and my forehead is too low. At times, these points have really worried me. I know what it is to be young and self-conscious about appearance."

"I've worked seriously to get myself out of unhappy moods. I've found two ways. One is dancing, and I don't mean with a handsome partner, but just turning on music and getting up and floating about by myself. Sometimes I dance to a symphony, sometimes to swing. It doesn't matter, though I find the symphony more inspiring. Then, I find that

being on high places and looking down makes me feel free and happy. Looking down from high windows does the same. I believe that if every girl tried, she'd find little ways of working out of moods.

"I have a practical answer for my low forehead. Instead of taking the hair back, I now wear my hair high and soft over my forehead, so you can't quite tell what kind of forehead I have."

This arrangement is charming for many. The front hair is combed forward and curled high in two soft rolls. These fall carelessly, half concealing, half revealing the forehead.

If you'd like to make curls like this, with real enthusiasm I direct you to the nearest chain store to buy a card of Vassar Wavers. These are the cutest and most comfortable curlers you've ever seen, of soft green rubber. You slip through a piece of hair, wind, and button over the ends. Sleep on them, if you must, and you won't suffer torture. These curlers make also the young and lovely type of Shirley Temple curls, and are something to possess.

When I left Lucille, it was well after seven. She had given me those orchids and an impression of glamour that is backed with stamina and good sense and a warm human quality.

Reader: Would you like to have a petit vial of exotic perfume to increase your glamour? Then simply send your name and address to Mary Lee, SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, and a vial will be sent with our compliments.

Bachelor Mothers of Hollywood!

[Continued from page 23]

at the circus. There are few places in Southern California where a prominent star could hope to picnic without being spotted by fans. So she has a projection machine at home with which he may see what pictures she thinks will interest him. Her own have been too grown-up, for the most part, to interest a small boy.

"He saw me on the stage once," she reflects, "in 'The Affairs of Anatole.' The only comment he made was, 'I like Betty Boop better!' So I have spared him my pictures.

"He hasn't been brought up by rigid rules or systems. Oh, I read books and consulted people and devised elaborate systems when he was very young. Then I took great pleasure in breaking my own rules, because actually I don't believe in rigid routine of any sort for anyone. It's stifling."

Michael had a French governess when he was small and he graduated to a real public school for a short time before he went to Tucson. Instead of having him home for Christmas, Miriam went to spend the holiday with him so that she could see exactly how he was living and learning. "It was grand," she reported. "They spend their mornings at lessons and in the afternoon they put on little cowboy suits and do all sorts of fascinating things out-of-doors. I wanted to stay and go to school, too!"

He hasn't, she says, any special talents that she can discover. "He's just a nice child and that's quite enough." She proposes to bring him up and educate him as sensibly as possible and then he will have to choose what he wants to do or be. "But I *do* hope," she sighs, "that he won't choose to be an actor!" Then, as an afterthought, she adds with surprising vehemence, "*Nor an agent!*"

Norma Shearer is a methodical person and long ago devised a workable routine which keeps her children's lives on a fairly even keel with a minimum of confusion in her not-very-large household, even when Norma is working long hours at the studio. This is by dint of separating her schedule from theirs completely when she is working. A capable woman has charge of eight-year-old Irving and four-year-old Katharine and sees to it that play, exercise, lessons, meals and bed are attended to at the proper times. When she is between pictures—and these are long and leisurely periods—Norma can spend most of her time with her youngsters. They swim in the pool and lie on the beach in front of the house and Norma reads to them and tries to find out how young Irving is progressing at school. She prefers to keep him in public school because she thinks that a well-rounded boy must learn to meet and know and like all the kinds of people who live in his community.

She joined the Parent-Teachers Association not long ago by way of keeping abreast of these matters. One afternoon she attended a meeting at which the earnestly discussed subject was "Child Behaviour." How to teach children to be courteous and amicable in their dealings

with one another. Leaving the building and feeling pretty inspired about it all, Norma was horrified to find a first-class small boy fisticuff brawl going on in the school yard with (*don't tell me you've guessed!*) her own Irving, tattered and bloody, in the thick of it. But she wasn't daunted. She simply set about, on the spot, applying the principles she'd been absorbing that afternoon.

Her children know that "she works at the studio sometimes," but they find that fact more irritating than exciting since it keeps her away from them. Perhaps, despite her theories and earnest resolves, she spoils them a mite. She promised to take them to Sun Valley for a glimpse of winter sports after Christmas. But after the big day they were very loath to leave all the shiny new toys they had found under the Christmas tree. So this stern and scientific mother postponed her trip for several days until some of the novelty of tricycles, dolls and electric trains had abated.

She has no plans for their futures aside from a healthy regime and a sane education. She lives as far away from the studio as is practical and manages to keep the children away from the limelight and the consciousness of fame or any sort of false importance. She is determined that they shall lead what she calls "ordinary little lives" while they are young. After that—who can tell? But certainly careers in pictures have no place in her plans for them.

Penny Singleton suspects that her four-year-old Dorothy, nicknamed "Deejee," may turn out to be a combination of career woman and housewife, exactly as Penny herself is both *on* and *off* the screen. Deejee's favorite toys are her dolls' house and a miniature electric stove. She sings lustily and has shown such an interest in acrobatics and dancing that Penny has already installed little rings and a dancing bar for her. (*Penny, you know, was a singer and acrobatic dancer known as Dorothy McNulty before she became "Blondie" of the screen series.*)

Deejee heard only recently of children being sung to sleep—only she heard it in reverse, somehow. She now insists upon singing her nurse to sleep.

Penny, too, wants to keep her little girl as free as she can of the Hollywood influence. With this in mind she moved recently from Beverly Hills to the rural atmosphere of the San Fernando Valley, where Deejee is now ecstatically busy becoming acquainted with all the neighboring "country children."

"It's especially important for an only child to learn to get along with other children," Penny says, earnestly. "And I want her to know all the *kinds* of children she can. I want to keep her away from any professional atmosphere."

Deejee is impressed. She demands her weekly twenty-five cent allowance in very small change which she deposits in various piggy banks which are scattered over the house. She can't be persuaded to part with a nickel because she is saving to "have a party." Her mother has promised

that she may make her own guest list and plan the refreshments and entertainment.

Personally, I think Penny is sticking her neck out a bit just here. I've met Deejee and it wouldn't surprise me if the young lady were to demand hot dogs, pickles and mince pie for tea, and two elephants and Robert Taylor for entertainment.

Deejee has seen her mother on the screen only once. Penny took her to a preview of one of the "Blondie" pictures at the studio when Baby Dumpling (*Larry Simms*) was to be there, too. Came a scene in which Penny wept and Deejee raised such a howl of dismay that her mother hasn't let her see a picture since . . . except the Mickey Mouse shorts which they run sometimes at home.

So Penny, snug in the country, with a white picket fence around her garden, hopes to keep her Deejee away from the razzle-dazzle of Hollywood, at least until she is old enough to know what it is about. "Maybe she'll turn out to be literary instead of wanting to dance or act," says Penny, hopefully. "She loves so to have me read to her. . . ."

Constance Bennett is another "bachelor mother," but takes the situation pretty well in stride. She has a tall, nine-year-old son named Peter.

He seems to be something of a handful. "I don't know that he's especially talented," Connie says, looking as judicious as she possibly can with that tip-tilted nose, "but he certainly is smart!"

She took him out of an expensive private school. "It seemed to me that they never let him come home. I hardly saw him at all!" she complained. Now he goes to public school and is delighted with it. "He gets along with the other kids so well and he's learning to hold his own and say his say with the best of them. Let me tell you what he did the other day. . . ."

It seems that young Pete had appeared to be a sick lad one morning when his mother had an early call at the studio. He was ordered to stay in bed until the doctor came to look him over. But Connie came home unexpectedly early and overheard her young hopeful talking on the phone to another youth. "It's easy!" he was boasting. "You just say your head feels hot and your throat hurts and then they won't let you go to school. You try it tomorrow and we can get together and do something."

He was pretty dismayed to find his mother standing beside him, holding out his sweater. "Come on, young man!" she was saying. "I'll run you down to school now. I don't care if it is nearly time for school to let out. Come along!"

"But he'll think of something else," she says, smiling.

She wouldn't like to have him attend a school where there were many movie children or children of movie people. "I want him to get about *outside the Hollywood circle*," she says, firmly.

Glenda Farrell's son, Tom, is seventeen—which is a year older than his mother was when he was born. In some ways she seems younger than he does now. When he was scarcely past the toddling age, Glenda and his father parted and she realized with misgivings that the responsibil-

ity of this male child was to be all hers.

"I can't stand children who aren't well trained," she says. "And I think it's difficult for a woman—especially a very young one—to handle a boy. So I did what seemed the next best thing. As soon as he was old enough, I put him in military boarding school. I think I'd do that in any case—the training is so fine. Without a masculine head of the house, it's almost essential."

She disciplined herself, too. Never asked to have him for those special week-ends which would have meant so much when she was between pictures, never allowed the boy to ask for privileges of any kind. "I wanted to help the school with its job—not hinder it," she explains.

To counteract all this rigid discipline she made another rule—and a promise. He was to be allowed to "express himself" in any manner he chose. Sometimes this entailed some sacrifice on Glenda's part. For instance, when his small boy self-expression took the form of violent football practice on the very tender new lawn of Glenda's new house. And the time when the pansy bed had to be sacrificed to put up exercise rings and when he decided to raise garter snakes in the garage.

He is an excellent dancer, too, and conscientiously teaches Glenda all the newest and most strenuous steps. Once a week he invites his "gang" in and they cut rugs like everything while Glenda presides over the buffet supper in her big playroom. Can you imagine all those young things being "chaperoned" by Glenda Farrell? She's probably the live-

liest person present.

Tom brings home a constant procession of bedraggled stray animals, confident that Glenda will make them welcome. They never had an argument about this but once. That was when Tom turned up with a perfectly frightful cat just after Glenda had paid some outrageous sum for a pair of distinguished Siamese felines. The sequel cured Glenda of further argument for the sad looking stray turned out to be a very beautiful white Persian which proceeded to win a very fancy cup at the San Fernando Valley cat show.

She has tried to give him a sense of responsibility—of being head of the house. Since his second year in prep school he has kept her books and all her household accounts. Pays the bills and keeps her on a budget. He's very firm about that budget, too. Stands no nonsense. Which makes his mother glow with pride.

When she went on a personal appearance tour last summer, Tom went along as sort of secretary and general factotum. He handled correspondence, dealt with the press, took care of hotel and train reservations and looked after luggage.

For all her initial misgivings, she thinks her system has worked pretty well—even if she was a Bachelor Mother.

Joan Crawford doesn't qualify as a "bachelor mother," but her devotion to and interest in her small niece, little Joan Le Sueur ("Joan Junior"), certainly qualify her to be called a "bachelor aunt." Her difficulties have been similar to those of the mothers. Baby Joan started to kin-

dergarten near Aunt Joan's Brentwood home. But too many people noticed—and Baby Joan knew that they noticed—so now the little girl and her mother, Kasha Le Sueur, are living in the country and small Joan merely has week-ends with big Joan.

She takes piano lessons from Aunt Joan's own piano teacher and likes those well enough, but Aunt Joan's pictures bore her a good deal. This is because she is crazy about Mickey Rooney whom she never has met.

Joan tries hard to discipline her on those treasured week-ends, but it's hard going. Someone sent Joan Senior a funny doll which small Joan instantly claimed. This was a time to be firm so Big Joan said, "You are not to think you can have everything that anyone else has. This doll was sent to *me*." Small Joan took the news calmly, but Big Joan fled to her room and wept and the next day ordered two funny dolls to cheer the tot. Discipline is a wonderful thing!

Nevertheless, Joan is wise enough to deprive herself of the fun of having her little niece with her constantly. "I have to let her mother take her away—out to the country—where she can go to school quietly and not be noticed. It's so important!"

"And not be noticed. It's so important!" That is the burden of the cry of these women who are trying to bring up little children in Hollywood. Hollywood's "bachelor mothers" have a peculiar and difficult problem. They're making valiant efforts to solve it.

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The Girl Who Forgot Spring

[Continued from page 45]

memory today and said, "I was only ten, but my mother took me to see her and I've always been so grateful. For it was her last performance. She died the next week."

As soon as she said it she realized the break she had made.

"That's makes me thirty-four, of course," she said with a wry smile. "Only most people don't know that."

She didn't ask me not to print her age, but of course I kept her confidence. It wouldn't have made any difference in the story I was doing, but it might have made all the difference in her contract when her option came up. We never mentioned it again and we became friends after that.

Maybe that's the reason she told me things she never told any one else. "Of course, this isn't for publication," she'd say and then she would tell me things, things she longed for, things she was afraid of, things that made her happy and things that made her sad.

And they were all about Anton Vale.

No one in Hollywood knew that they were in love with each other and yet they had been mad about each other for years. If you knew Anton's real name you'd know how important a scenario writer he is. He already was established when Magda first met him, turning out one box office hit after another and so of course when he went to bat for her Magda got a stock contract at his studio.

Most of his friends didn't know he was married and I think it proves how he felt about her that he told her about his wife the first time they met. They knew that meeting was important. Magda told me she knew what poets meant when they wrote of stars singing and all the other things they go on about in love poems. She said she felt as if she'd come home after a long journey the first time she saw his quizzical smile and the kindness in his brown eyes.

Anton had been married about five years then. His wife was one of those querulous, complaining women who always think they are ill when there's nothing in the world wrong with them at all. She liked being an invalid. They were never together for Alice was always some place away from him on her eternal quest for health, at some expensive resort or smart sanitarium where she spent the days playing bridge and reading love stories.

He didn't think she would care that he had fallen in love with someone else. Whatever there was between them had died in the first year of their marriage and he felt that if he gave her a big enough settlement to go on in the luxurious way she had accustomed herself to that would be all she wanted.

But he was wrong. Alice didn't want a divorce. Her pride rebelled against having people think of her as a discarded wife. So there wasn't anything he could do.

Yet, in spite of Alice, he and Magda were happy in the beginning.

"Happier than any two people have a right to be, I guess," Magda told me once

with tears in her eyes. "Somehow it didn't make any difference then that we'd have to meet in out-of-the-way places and that we couldn't let any one see how we felt about each other. Just being together was enough."

It was in spring they had met, a night in April and the stars seemed so close they felt they could touch them just by reaching up their hands. And over them hung the moon, a little new moon as young as their love. Everything was so new and thrilling that first spring, finding out little things about each other, feeling their love grow day by day, being together and not thinking of anything but the miracle of having found each other.

But there were other springs waiting, ten of them to be exact and every one of them a little older than the one that had gone before, a little sadder, a little more troubled.

For Alice had discovered that Magda wasn't just an infatuation, and she was one of those women who don't want anyone else to have anything, even the things she no longer wanted for herself.

So the time came when Magda drew into herself and became practically a recluse and Anton couldn't do anything about it. For Alice was always threatening her with breach of promise suits and everywhere she went detectives were following her so that even the ride to and from the studio left her in a state of nerves.

Magda didn't tell me all this at once. Her story grew out of her tears and hopelessness, out of a fragment here and an episode there. No one knew about it but me. Editors were clamoring for stories about Magda in those days, but she refused to be interviewed. The fact that she kept so to herself, that she was never seen in any of the smart places made her interesting copy.

I could have named my own price for Magda's true story then. But of course I didn't. There are things more desirable than money and to me friendship heads the list.

I'll never forget the day I read that Alice had been instantly killed in an automobile accident. I'd no sooner put the paper down than my telephone rang. It was Magda.

"Please come over," she said. "I need you so desperately."

It was a shock to see her. For the first time since I had known her Magda looked her years and yet I thought I had never seen her looking lovelier than she did then, her face a tragic mask and her eyes two dark pools of sorrow.

"I've lost him," she said. And then for the first time her tears came. "I've lost Anton."

"Oh, no, Magda," I said quickly. "It's the shock. Any man would react to it. After all. . ."

"But you don't understand," she said quietly. "It isn't Anton who has changed. It's me. He asked me to marry him today. And I couldn't. For ten years I've waited to hear him ask me that. I used

to lie awake and think of it and I'd be so happy pretending it was true that I could almost hear his voice asking me. And now it's true and it doesn't mean anything. It's come too late.

"It was so sweet that love I had but I've lost it somewhere down the years. Love is so young, so tender. You have to treat it gently if you want it to stay. And what chance did our love have? It had to grow in secrecy, threatened with ugliness and sordid law suits. What chance did it have from the very beginning?"

There wasn't anything I could say. There wasn't anything anyone could say. Even Anton with his gift for words had no words to meet this overwhelming disappointment that had come to him.

I wonder if I've really gotten Anton's personality over to you. When you admire a person and like him the way I do Anton it's sometimes difficult to put him on paper. Well, Anton is one of those regular men, the kind who couldn't do a wrong thing if he tried and he was regular in this instance, too. He was still all for Magda even though she was breaking his heart.

Magda didn't know that she was slipping. Sometimes the stars are the last ones to know their box office receipts have fallen off. But Anton knew that the studio was thinking of dropping her when her next option came up.

That's why he insisted she have the story he had just written. It had been intended for another star, one who was very much on the up grade and it

wouldn't have hurt Anton's prestige either to have been associated with her. But he insisted the story was to be Magda's because he knew it would help her. That's the kind of guy he is.

Magda was to play a twenty-two year old girl in that picture and her leading man was a youngster just beginning to go places in Hollywood. He was about twenty-five I'd say and was engaged to a girl who was playing featured roles. Let's call him Jack and the girl Jean. Those names sort of express each of them.

Jean was in the picture, too. She was terribly excited when she told me about it. She'd adored Magda since she was a kid. She was one of the few people who remembered her from the old silent days.

I must admit I was a little afraid when I heard Jack was going to play opposite Magda. He's so young and vital and fresh. No one would think he had been out of college four years. And frankly I was afraid he'd make Magda look every one of her years by contrast.

But have you ever discovered the things you worry about are the things that never happen? Magda had never looked younger in her life than she did in the first rushes of that picture. And it wasn't long before I knew the reason. Magda had fallen in love with Jack.

A lot of people find it ridiculous when an older woman falls in love with a boy. But it wasn't like that with Magda. You had no feeling that she was any older than the boy. Maybe that was because Jack was in love with her, too. The very

fact that she was older, more experienced, made her the more fascinating.

At first, Jean was happy that Jack, like her, adored Magda too. Then she became bewildered and then at the last resentful. She was so young through it all. Young girls are stormy and impetuous. They haven't learned how to take it when life suddenly rears itself on its hind legs and slaps out at you. And Jean wasn't any different. She didn't know any of the wiles. So when she became bitter and said hard, ugly things to Magda she only succeeded in turning Jack further away from her than ever. She had no chance against the wisdom Magda had learned through years of unhappiness. She was so tender, so comforting and Jack lapped it up as a starving kitten would lap up a saucer of cream.

It wasn't a very happy group that set off for Sun Valley to do the skiing sequence that was such an important part of the picture. My editor sent me off with them to do a location story. Any other time I'd have been delirious with joy at the assignment. But this time it didn't thrill me. I was concerned about the situation and Jean was beginning to get me. As much as I liked Magda I could have wrung her neck for making the girl so unhappy.

I tried to tell Magda how I felt the first night we were there sitting in front of the blazing wood fire at the lodge. It was March, but the snow lay heavy outside.

"Aren't you a little unfair?" Magda asked. "Have you forgotten that I wasn't

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happy either when I was young? Of course Jean bothers me, but what can I do about it. It's only in stories people sacrifice their own happiness for anyone else's."

But the next day I saw her face when she found Jean crying in the huge living room. She grabbed my hand and we walked up and down the verandah outside.

"I used to cry like that, too," she said and her eyes weren't happy any longer. "Night after night, day after day . . . it's so awful to be young, isn't it? You haven't learned yet that all things have an ending, sadness, happiness, love . . ."

"Are you sure about love?" I asked.

But she wouldn't answer my question.

"Let's go to the dining room," she said. "Lunch must be served by this time. I'm ravenous." She laughed. "For a minute there I was afraid I was getting sentimental, but it was only hunger, that's all."

The next morning the skiing sequence was begun. Magda was awfully excited about it. She'd always gone in for sports and she prided herself particularly on her skiing.

"I've done it since I was a kid," she told me. "Long before it was fashionable. You see I was brought up in North Dakota."

But she'd forgotten it was six years since she'd been on skis and she'd forgotten, too, that she was six years older.

It was awful to see her winded and exhausted in that first tryout. I couldn't look at her when the director suggested Jean take her place in the long shots.

We stood on the hillside watching Jean and Jack take off together. They were so young and fresh and dauntless as they raced down the hill. Then at the bottom they fell together as the scene in the script called for and we saw them scrambled together in a crazy heap pummeling each other and their laughter floated back to us, strong and buoyant and carefree and Jean's sounded as if she meant it, too.

"They're so young, aren't they?" Magda said slowly and I saw the tears come to her eyes. They . . . they seem to belong together, don't they?"

She must have been thinking of two other people who had belonged together, too, for as we turned to go she said, "I wonder how Anton is? He's been so unhappy, hasn't he? It breaks my heart when I think how happy he once was. You should have seen him on skis. Once we went to Arrowhead . . ."

She stopped suddenly and I didn't press her to go on. But that night when she came down to dinner I knew she had been doing a lot of thinking.

Jack and Jean were sitting together in a corner of the living room talking and laughing as if they'd been away from each other for months. Then we heard Magda's voice outside and Jack turned away from the girl. I'll never forget the eagerness in his eyes as he looked at the door Magda would soon be coming through.

It was like being a part of the third act when Magda came through that door. Certainly Magda was a part of it. I've seen her often on the screen, but I'd never seen her play a part as perfect as



Priscilla Lane lunches between scenes of "Three Cheers For The Irish," in which Thomas Mitchell appears.

this. For Magda was acting and she had made up for her part, too.

There was nothing flagrant about that make-up of hers. It was so subtle that at first you didn't realize how old and tired she looked. It was only when she stood under the full force of the ceiling light that I knew she had made herself look older purposely.

A less clever woman would have left all her make-up off, but Magda wouldn't be satisfied with anything so amateurish. She'd put on the wrong color powder and a much too bright lipstick and I'm sure no one but I knew that the circles under her eyes were only eye shadow.

But it wasn't just the way she looked. It was the way she talked too. Her voice sounded flat and tired. She complained about the aching feeling in her bones. And then she said, "I'm always forgetting I'm thirty-four, until a little extra exercise or something makes me realize it."

Jack looked appalled. And later when Magda sat on the sofa beside Jean, choosing the corner where the light streamed on her face, a seat no woman as clever as Magda would have chosen without a purpose, the contrast between them was heartbreaking. Magda could have been the mother of that girl sitting beside her.

It wasn't long before Jack had taken the seat beside Jean, before his hand had reached over and taken hers. Then in a little while Magda got up abruptly and left the room.

In a little while I followed her. I had expected to find her crying, but not crying like this with her eyes looking like stars behind the tears, and with her laugh catching up with her sob.

"I called Anton," she said. "And it was like the first time, when I heard his voice and all my heart going out to it. It's . . . I can't explain it, but it's as if it's all new again, as if we're young again only it's deeper and truer somehow. And he told me spring has come since I've been gone and that the desert will soon be in bloom and that we're going there to find it again. Bless that boy, he was so young he made me feel so young, too, that I found my own lost spring."

Didn't I tell you spring is indestructible? Well, love, the real kind, is indestructible, too.

Reviews

[Continued from page 65]

ing scenes the senselessness and inhumanity of war. Stand-outs in the picture are Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, Big Boy Williams, and Sammy Cohen. There are laughs, fortunately, to relieve the tension.

THE EARL OF CHICAGO

A FIELD DAY FOR BOB MONTGOMERY—
M-G-M

ROBERT MONTGOMERY hasn't been so good on the screen since he dove fearlessly into psychopathia in his deservedly famous picture "Night Must Fall." In his newest film Bob plays a Chicago gangster, with a psychopathic fear of firearms, who is doing fine in a legitimate liquor business. He has great admiration for simple honesty so he hires Edward Arnold, who once took a rap rather than accept a bribe, to be his general manager. Bob is discovered to be the lost heir to an earldom in England so he and Arnold go to London to collect the fortune. History and tradition do something to Bob and he decides to take over the title and nobility of the Earl of Gortley. And of course his general manager, the honest guy, double crosses him. Edmund Gwenn stands out as the butler who teaches tradition to a Chicago gangster. The picture is short on women.

CONGO MAISIE

ANN SOTHERN QUELLS THE NATIVES—
M-G-M

MAISIE, that swell dame with the heart of gold, is back again and that's good news for all movie goers. Ann Sothern again plays Maisie (*we'd be as mad as hell if anybody else did*) and again shows what a grand actress she is. This time Maisie is stranded in an African river port where she stows away on a packet boat in order to run out on her hotel bill. She ends up in a scientific outpost in the middle of the jungle, and thus becomes involved in the lives of two doctors and a woman, who is married to one and in love with the other. With her dry wit and good common sense Maisie straightens them all out in no time at all, and in her spare moments quells an uprising of natives led by the witch doctors. Maisie goes in for a little witchery herself, and with a clinging black evening gown, an ostrich plume hat, and a hot rendition of "St. Louis Blues" she puts the other witches out of business. John Carroll plays the attractive young doctor to whom Maisie takes a shine, and Rita Johnson and Shepperd Strudwick play the married couple. Okay, we'd like still another Maisie.

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER

BE SURE AND DROP IN—M-G-M

IN THIS picture Margaret Sullavan returns to the screen after too long an absence, and that's a treat for everybody. And with Maggie teamed with Jimmy Stewart, it's an extra special treat. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch and full of those famous "Lubitsch touches," this is

one of the most thoroughly enjoyable pictures you can expect to see in 1940. The story is laid in Budapest and concerns a little luggage and gift "shop around the corner," owned and managed by Frank Morgan, and the six people he has working in his shop. His leading salesman is Jimmy Stewart, a hard-working young man, who has been carrying on a correspondence love affair with a girl he has never seen—until one day she applies for a job in the shop and goes to work for Jimmy. She never knows until the last scene that Jimmy is her great romance. Frank Morgan is superb in a role that is quite different from anything he has done before, and his grief when he discovers that his wife has been unfaithful is really pathetic. The human recording of the events that take place in the shop are of the utmost interest and make for a most entertaining picture. Working in the shop are Felix Bressart, Joseph Schildkraut, Sara Haden, Inez Courtney—and William Tracy, the surprise hit of the picture. This is one of those "must see" pictures.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

MOST DISCUSSED FILM—
20th Century-Fox

THE much discussed movie version of "The Grapes of Wrath" is here at last, and it is with great pleasure that we report that the thousands and thousands of the readers of John Steinbeck's famous book will not be let down by Hollywood. Unstinted praise should be given to producer Darryl Zanuck who refused to destroy the book's grim and uncompromising honesty, to Nunnally Johnson who has written a photoplay that even John Steinbeck considers perfect, and to John Ford who has done a magnificent job of directing it. As you all know, the story tells of the heart-breaking plight of America's vast horde of migratory workers and Dust Bowl refugees. And, in particular, it tells of the migration of the Joad family from their dust destroyed farm in Oklahoma to the rich Valleys of California, and their disappointment when they arrive. The episodes along the way are faithfully and realistically described. The picture pulls no punches. The cast is well-nigh perfect, with special raves going to Henry Fonda as Tom Joad, Jane Darwell as Ma Joad, John Carradine as Casey the preacher, and John Qualen as "Muley." Charley Grapewin and Zeffie Tilbury are in the early sequences as Grandpa and Grandma. Dorris Bowdon plays Rose of Sharon. O. Z. Whitehead plays Al, and Russell Simpson is Pa Joad. All are excellent. This is most definitely a "must see" picture. And is bound to be the most discussed film of the year.

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON

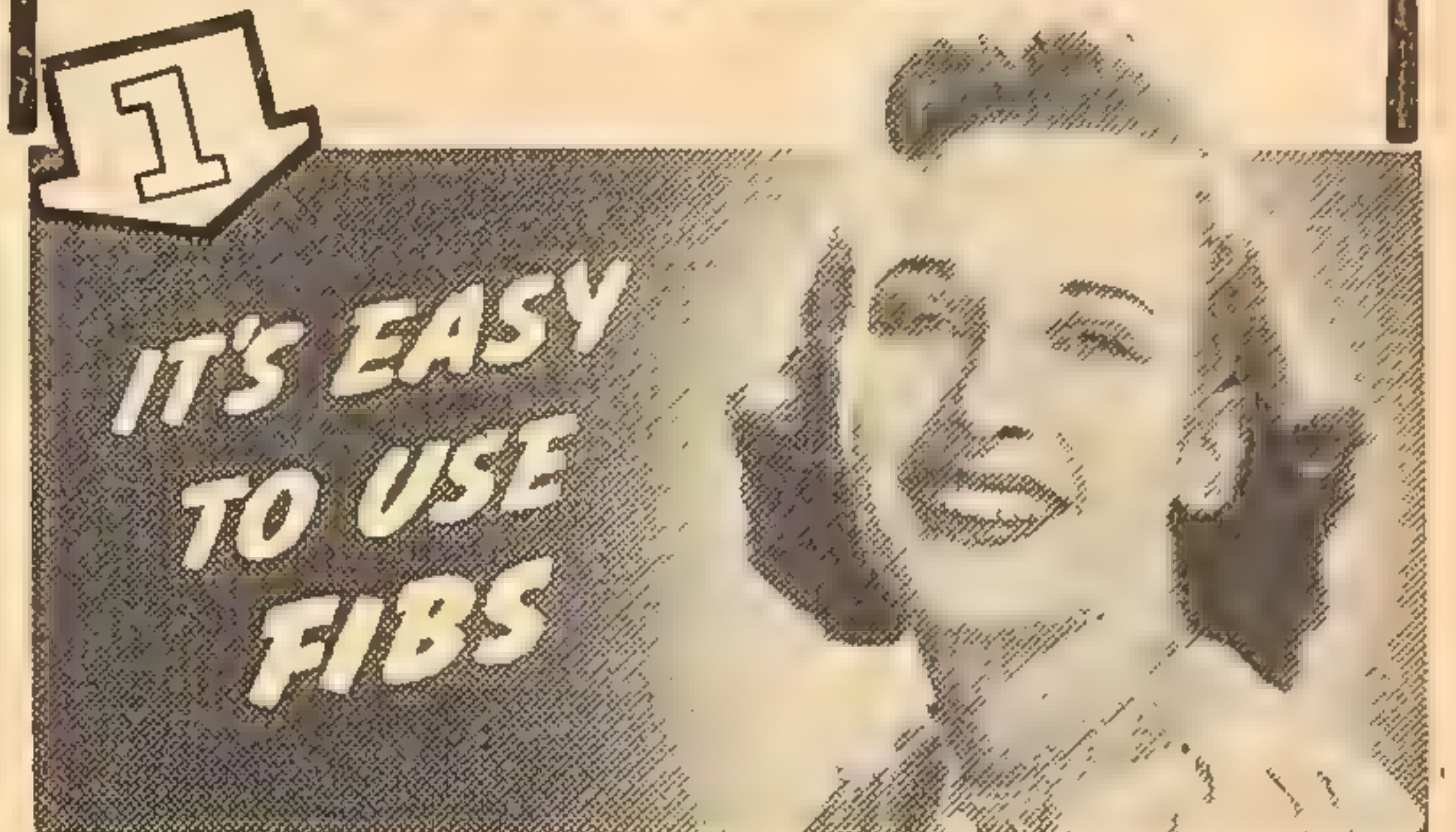
LAUGHTON AND LEIGH—Paramount

OF COURSE, two years ago when this picture was made in England no one knew that by the time it would be released in America that Charles Laughton's leading lady, a Miss Vivien Leigh, would be the most talked of star in these United States, because of her brilliant performance of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind." But even two years ago, as

[Continued on page 82]

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If I Had My Life to Live Over

[Continued from page 52]

will tell you looking rueful about it all. "There I was with a fairly good start studying law, and what did I do? Set off for Los Angeles with another chap for no reason in the world except that we thought it would be fun. I took my drums along and thought I could earn some hamburgers with them. But to show you just how well heeled we were for this adventure—we had to trade the drums for gas before we got to L. A. So there we were, broke and drumless and a fine pair of gazabos we looked!

"Of course, I'm not sorry I did it—now. If Fate's for you, she's for you and isn't going to be stopped even if you make a fool of yourself. We got a job with Mike Lyman and then Paul Whiteman heard us and gave us a job in his band. Just good luck. Not good sense on our part!"

Good luck seems to have dogged Crosby as ill luck pursues some other people. He still gets notions—and sticks to them—about what he wants to do, how he wants to conduct his life and his career. Wise, experienced people wail that he is pig-headed, that this time he has surely picked the wrong horse.

Two or three years ago when he started his series of broadcasts for the Kraft Music Hall, he flatly refused to have a studio audience. The wise boys were aghast. You *had* to have applause on a variety program to give an illusion of the theatre. That was just plain showmanship. Crosby opined that it was just plain eyewash. He wanted to do his best and the automatic, unspontaneous applause of an audience which *had* to applaud him whether it liked him or not, embarrassed and flustered him. He couldn't work that way and didn't propose to try.

So, because they couldn't do anything else, they let him have his way. The Crosby luck (*or should we begin to call it judgment at this point?*) held again. Listeners were downright relieved at the absence of ear-splitting bursts of clapping. Crosby fans went in a big way for the easy, informal progress of the Crosby programs, the spontaneity of Bing's unrehearsed verbal absurdities.

Later on, when Bob Burns joined the program, they put one over on Bing. Explaining that Burns *had* to have audience reaction, they persuaded him to have some boys from a migrants' camp as guests at a broadcast. There was no applause, but there was easy laughter, and Bing didn't mind that. Since then there have been small, by-invitation-only audiences at all the broadcasts. But no clapping. Bing saunters about in his outlandish shirts and enjoys himself enormously while all the erstwhile calamity—howling "wise showmen" just feel silly.

Bing is so sure now that luck is the most important thing in his life that he isn't a lad to ask for or take advice. Not any more. The only time he ever sought advice he rather overdid it and it didn't turn out so well . . . at the time. It was when he left the Paul Whiteman band because Whiteman was going East and Bing decided that he wanted to stay in

Los Angeles *because he liked the climate*. It was as simple as that. His well-wishers raised such an enormous wailing sound that time he was finally convinced that he must have made a ghastly mistake. He rushed about asking advice of practically everyone within hearing distance and when he finally received the radio offer which was to bring him to the threshold of real fame and money, he was disconcerted to find that all these people expected a cut of his prospective salary for the advice they had given him and which he hadn't used. There were more people than there was salary!

"But even that was lucky," he recalls now. "It sure looked like a fool proceeding at the time, passing up a good job with Whiteman just because I liked Los Angeles. If I hadn't stayed here, I might never have met Dixie, for one thing. And it's possible that I might not have had the radio offer . . . at least, right away. And even all the expensive advice I didn't take turned out to be a good thing in the long run. When I got myself all tied up in these deals my brother, Everett, who is a guy with a lot of sense, kind of took charge of things for me. And that was lucky for me.

"First he paid off the \$35,000 I seemed to owe the advisers. With that off my mind I decided to go fishing. Only I forgot to tell him. He was pretty irked with me when I got back, because it seemed the radio contract had been all ready for me to sign, only they couldn't find me. But even that turned out to be a good thing. During the delay they talked things over and he got a better deal for us than he might have if it could have been decided right off the bat.

"You see? Doing so many things all wrong and having them turn out so right—wouldn't I be a sill at this point if I regretted any of it?"

Well, wouldn't he?

Bing has been especially lucky in the brothers God gave him. His two brothers, Everett and Larry, are sound business men and have managed to keep the Crosby affairs on an even keel. Shrewdly aware of the talent which is his, they are just as shrewdly able to help him sell it to the best advantage. They have their hands full with him sometimes and you'd think that they'd want to smack him.

For instance, when he flatly declined recently, to make a personal appearance in New York for twenty thousand dollars for one week—and then came home and transported his entire radio company to Spokane, at his own expense, for a broadcast for Gonzaga University, for nothing. But Bing is like that and everyone knows it and there is really no use for anyone to argue with him. His luck has held, and he has been right so often that it seems that it would be tempting Fate to cross a whim of his now.

You could go on and on. His race horses. His race track. Various investments he has made light-heartedly, which looked extremely dubious on the face of them, all seem to have turned to profits. No wonder he has faith in his whims and

his guiding star! He is a refreshing figure in a town which grows grimmer every year as competition increases and actors grow more and more afraid. . . . Everyone is grim and earnest and convinced that hard work and application are the things that count. They study voice and diction and take fencing lessons and pay fabulous sums to dramatic coaches to teach them the nuances of expression. They have trainers to keep their figures in trim. They are likely to burst forth with quotations from Shakespeare at the drop of an aspirin tablet. All but Bing.

He somehow doesn't seem aware of the grimness of life! One of the most highly paid singers in the world, he admits cheerfully that although he had five brief voice lessons once when he was a little boy, he can't read a note of music and scarcely knows the names of the instruments which accompany him. He memorizes a song by listening to it twice and a motion picture scene by running through it a couple of times. He does almost no rehearsing for recordings, pictures or radio programs.

If you ask him how he does it he drawls, "I dunno. Have a sort of vacuum cleaner memory, I guess. I developed it because I was too lazy to study!"

Having proved that he can act well enough to satisfy a sizeable public, he doesn't mind telling you that his sole training in this field consisted of the work he did under a perspiring gentleman in Spokane for a grade school presentation of "Julius Caesar." He never had an elocution lesson, listened to a dramatic coach or read a whole volume of Shakespeare in his life. He has seen very few plays. They bore him.

"Acting's just pretending, isn't it?" he demands. "Any kid can do that!"

As for his figure, he lives on a diet of Irish stew, fried chicken, biscuits and honey and mince pie. He never has had a steam bath or tossed a medicine ball in his life. He likes to play golf and go fishing. These activities seem to keep him in fair trim. But he wouldn't care if they didn't. A few years ago he began to take on some weight around the middle. Then the head-shakers were busy. "If he gets fat, then he *will* be finished!" they proclaimed. "He'll have to *do* something!"

So-o-o Bing, waistline and all, placidly made a picture called "Mississippi" which turned out to be his most successful picture up to that time. His girth has decreased considerably since then.

"We've had a lot of good golf and fishin' weather," he grins. "Lucky for me, wasn't it?"

No one, so far as I know, ever has heard of Bing's being grouchy or out of sorts or discontented. He likes his various jobs, the life he lives and the people around him. Certainly no one has ever heard him assume credit for his success or pat himself on the back for his acumen.

"I sure broke all the rules," he says. "And if things have turned out right for me—as they have—it's been good luck. Just that! I'd hate to see anybody else take the risks I've taken. But you can't run far against your luck, no matter how you plan it. Fate takes care of some people in spite of themselves. Up to now I've been one of them!"

George Brent

[Continued from page 53]

City. It was during the World War and their voyage was stormy and dangerous. The noise and hurry of New York fell harshly on their ears, but young George was stimulated. He felt at once that he must make great haste to *do* something. He must earn money and seek adventure. The world was filled with action and he must be part of it as soon as possible.

These things you have to know if you are to understand what followed and how he happened to do what he did with his life.

"By the time I was sixteen," he recounts, "I was working in a bank in the day time and going to school at night. I was preparing to study law and it seemed to me an exciting, dramatic and worthwhile career. It still does."

"But then—when I was sixteen—it looked such a long hard pull ahead before I could hope to begin to practice, especially since I must earn my own way. That I had to do. There was something stubborn inside me which demanded that I be independent, that I ask no one for any help in carving out that career. But my craving for action got the better of me . . ."

He had joined the Pearson Club and come under the spell of the radical, Frank Harris, and was seething with the desire to do things, not just to listen and talk and study. So when a young priest, fired with a crusading hope for Irish independence, urged George to return to Ireland with him to work for the Cause, Brent lost no time in gathering up his small savings and setting sail. Crusading, he thought, was right up his alley and this rebellion business seemed to promise plenty of action!

"That was a mistake," he says, thoughtfully. "I should have stayed here and gone on with the law. That was what I was cut out for, really . . . and if I had it to do again, I'm sure I'd stay. Of course, if I had I'd have missed the most thrilling years of my life. And I'm pretty sure I should never have thought of becoming an actor."

"Fate—maybe?" I asked him.

George said, "Phooey! Only weaklings blame their mistakes on Fate. Fate doesn't play tricks on us. We play them on ourselves. Maybe we don't always know exactly what we're letting ourselves in for. But we make the decisions—nobody else. We have to stand by the results. If things turn out well it's comforting to swell out your chest and say, 'I accomplished that by using superior judgment.' But don't forget that if they turn out badly, you accomplished that, too!"

George, you see, isn't one to compromise.

That particular, youthful, impetuous decision plunged him into the midst of Ireland's vicious civil war, ended his thoughts of a legal career and gave him his first smell of grease paint. He hadn't actually intended to cease his studies when he went to Ireland. He entered Dublin University with the best of intentions and it wasn't exactly a decision of his own which wound up his college

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career. It was a good old-fashioned fist fight in which a member of the faculty received a black eye. Blood ran hot in Ireland in those days.

He didn't care—then—for by this time he was part and parcel of the rebellion and was engaged in the dangerous mission of carrying secret dispatches between Michael Collins and de Valera, leaders of the fighting Irish. And just about then he became associated with the Abbey Players and found that the stage thrilled him, too. So another decision was made. He would be an actor—if he lived.

When he finally fled for his life from Ireland he knew what he wanted to do and proceeded to do it. Back in America he got a job acting in stock. Then, he says, he made two more mistakes in rapid succession.

"First—I took myself big too soon. I was tall and had a slight brogue and it was easy to get parts in stock. So easy that I began to think I was ready for bigger things before I was. I hadn't the patience to wait and study until I had learned my job. Stock experience is important to any actor. I wanted to be recognized *then*, and I'd hang around Broadway until my money ran out, then I'd go back to the road until I'd saved enough for another try.

"I once grew so impatient that when I'd saved a fair amount I organized my own company in Pawtucket, Rhode Island—and lost my shirt. It may have been valuable experience and perhaps it reduced the size of my head a trifle—but if I had it to do over again, I'd certainly skip that period!"

There was an unhappy venture into matrimony just here, too, and that was tragedy. He always has refused to talk about it until now.

"There again the chief fault was judgment," George says. "We were too young. We were both trying to have careers and everything in our lives was unsettled. We didn't know how to cope with circumstances and each other at the same time. How could we? Infatuated and bemused as we were, we didn't actually know much of one another and it simply wasn't in the cards that we could make a go of it.

"If I had it to do over again, knowing what I know now, I'd know we couldn't. Early marriages are all right—they're fine—if you take some time to get acquainted and if you have some pattern of life."

The marriage lasted less than a month.

It was years before he recovered fully from these experiences. Meanwhile he went back to stock.

"This time I stayed in it too long," he admits. "There comes a time when your apprenticeship should end, a time when you should feel, somehow, that your training period is over and you are ready to make a stab at the real things. You should *know*. That time came and I didn't make the stab. My courage lagged and I jogged along in the jobs that seemed sure. I wasted time and lost opportunities."

Opportunity caught up with him in spite of himself when an offer came with a part in a Broadway play... followed by another. Solid, but unspectacular, success didn't restore the confidence he needed and when Hollywood called him for tests he failed to do himself justice. He doesn't blame that entirely on himself,

however. He still thinks tests are unfair, foolish and cruel. He made so many unsuccessful ones that they began to seem pure farce to him.

That was the period when Brent seemed always to be on the wrong side of the continent when there was a good part waiting for him. Even the airplane didn't help. He was constantly arriving either in Hollywood or in New York a day or two after someone else had gobbled up the role which was ready made for him.

"If I had *that* period to go through again, I'd try to make up my mind to stay in one place or the other long enough to give myself a chance," he says. "You can't vibrate back and forth across the country like a blooming homing pigeon and hope to get yourself settled at either end of the route! If I had it to do over, I'd try to light."

No one was more surprised than George Brent when a test finally did turn out well and he was informed that he was to play opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us." It was a good role and it led to another and another and another. His career was on the upswing and his confidence in his own ability grew and flourished healthily. He signed a seven year contract with Warner Brothers.

He married Ruth Chatterton. This marriage, too, was doomed to failure. It lasted only a year and eight months. Who knows why? Certainly George will not discuss it. He is all tight-lipped reserve when the subject is broached. It had been another impetuous love affair and anyone who knew the two of them must have viewed it with apprehension. Ruth was ultra-sophisticated, fine-drawn, concerned with the delicacies, the niceties, the nuances of thinking and living. George was blunt, two-fisted, vigorous, impulsive. Despite his experience and his independence, he retains, still, a certain naivete which is part of his charm. In another couple, those qualities might have complemented each other. With Ruth and George they clashed.

No one—least of all the two people themselves—ever can say with certainty what goes wrong between two people of mature judgment when they fall in and then out of love. It's beyond explaining.

Something, during his years in Hollywood, has turned George into an escapist. The moment he finishes a picture he disappears and even the Brothers Warner can't locate him until the date when he has promised to return. He goes to the desert, the mountains or the sea—as far away as possible, and leaves no forwarding address. No one knows exactly where he goes or whom he sees. He just goes.

"If I had my life to live over I'd try to train myself while I was still young to stick to things, to try to learn to love places, to take root, to concentrate on what I want and go after it without wavering and vacillating. If I had learned those things sooner, I'd be better off and happier now.

"It isn't Fate or luck or any of those things that control what you do and what you become. Your life is yours and the decisions are yours. When you are wrong you pay for your mistakes yourself. If you are right you profit. But don't try to excuse your mistakes by blaming them on Fate. Try to learn from them!"

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 55]

as though it had been standing there falling to pieces ever since the Civil War. Bits of paper, rusty cans, small sticks of wood are strewn about. Inside it's no better except for the way Marjorie, Queenie and Joan are dolled up in their cheap finery. Ginger isn't in this scene, but she's sitting on the set entertaining some friends from out of town. Her hair is a chestnut brown and vastly becoming. It makes her look much softer and more alluring. But I can't spend all my time on this set so I mosey over to—

"IRENE," adapted from one of the most successful musical comedies ever produced in this country. It was originally produced almost twenty years ago, but the plot should still be good and it had one of the most delightful scores ever written. Anna Neagle is the star.

The scene they're doing is not important so there's no sense going into it, but **DON'T MISS THIS.** In the supporting cast are Billie Burke, May Robson, Roland Young, Ray Milland, Arthur Treacher and Tommy Kelly.

As I leave the set I pass Mr. Milland who first ignores and then, as he remembers he is out of cigarettes, decides to speak so he can bum one. I introduce an out-of-town friend who is with me. "I'm glad to know you," says Mr. M. magnanimously, "even though we meet under adverse circumstances." I am the adverse circumstances.

I turn to a friend of Ray's who is standing nearby. "When you get to Ray's tonight," I instruct him, "will you please give Mrs. Milland my regards." I guess that's putting Ray in his place.

NEXT, there's "Bill of Divorcement." This was a successful stage play (produced shortly after the World War) that has had a checkered career. Katherine Cornell made her first great hit in this opus, which is as it should be. But then, when it was made into a picture, Katharine Hepburn made her great splash in it and I've hated the play ever since, even though the picture version proved that Billie Burke (as Hep's mother) can play drama as effectively as she can comedy and it also proved that John Barrymore (as H's father) is just as fine a dramatic actor as he ever was (when he wants to be).

Now comes a new version with Maureen O'Hara (whom you met in "Jamaica Inn" and "Hunchback of Notre Dame") in Cornell's part, Adolphe Menjou as her father and Fay Bainter as her mother.

In case you've forgotten, Hilary's (Maureen) mother has, after years of misery, divorced her father (Menjou). Menjou was shell-shocked during the war and became insane. Now Fay is going to marry again despite the acid disapproval of Dame May Whitty—and when that dame disapproves of anything you know it. It is Christmas time and Fay has gone to Christmas Eve services with her new fiancé. Maureen's fiancé (Patric Knowles) has been called back to Paris and she is alone in the house when the

phone rings. It is the asylum where her father has been under treatment. They tell her he has recently improved and has escaped. Dame Whitty (Menjou's aunt) knowing nothing of this, tells Maureen that the war only brought out the insanity in her father—that it runs in the family. Maureen leaves her, reeling under this blow, to confront her father.

"What are you looking for?" she asks quietly.

Menjou's eyes widen as he sees her. "Why," he explains dazedly, "they've moved my—" and then recognition lights his eyes. "Meg! It's Meg (Fay)." He starts towards her impulsively, but she side-steps. The self-confidence with which she first addressed him has now dwindled to pure fear which she tries valiantly to master.

"I—I'm not Meg," she counters.

Menjou stops and laughs incredulously. "Not Meg! Tell me I don't know Meg!"

"No—really," she exclaims, a little panicky.

"No, it's not Meg," he concedes with a change of manner. "I beg your pardon. I thought you were—another girl. You see, I—I've been away a long time. A long, long time." He sighs and glances around the room ruefully.

"Whom do you want?" she persists quietly, trying to master the situation.

But her voice breaks in on him. "There!" triumphantly. "You see? It's her voice, too." And then intensely, "Who are you?"

"I think," she barely breathes, "I am your daughter."

You can imagine what a tense, gripping scene this is. And it mounts in intensity as it progresses. And such a set as they've built. It looks like a print of an old English vicarage come to life—the low, beamed ceiling, the Christmas tree, the snow on the window panes. This should be another triumph for R-K-O, as well as for the principals. And such performances as they're giving!

THE last picture—"Little Orvie"—based on the comic strip. This is a kid story, but it's reminiscent of the immortal "Skippy" and what more could anyone ask? At the moment Orvie (John Sheffield) is lying on his bed, heartbroken because his parents won't let him have a dog. His father (Ernest Truex) comes in.

"What's wrong, son?" he asks quietly.

"Nuthin'," says John, his back to his father.

"I think I know what it is, Orvie," Truex goes on. "Maybe I can help you out."

"No, you can't!" John bursts out resentfully, determined not to cry before his father. "Anyway, it's nothin' you care about."

"As soon as you feel like it, son," Truex tells him, hurt to the quick, but understanding the boy's problem, "we'll talk it over—just you and me."

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"I just wanna be let alone—can't you see that?" Johnny wails desperately.

Four pictures on one lot and the Mook likes all of them! Can you imagine? Buoyed by the happy thought that perhaps, at long last, the ichor in my veins is changing to the milk of human kindness, I went my way to—

Columbia

IMAGINE my delight to discover another swell picture going here. It's called "Too Many Husbands." The title was bought from Somerset Maugham. Originally it graced a play he wrote twenty years ago, but the locale has been switched to New York from London and instead of having the husbands try to get rid of the wife (*which was very ungal-lant*) they have the wife trying to get rid of the husbands, and each of them trying to hold her.

Wesley Ruggles is directing and Claude Binyon, my favorite scenarist, wrote the script. Jean Arthur is the harassed wife and Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas are the importunate husbands.

Fred is the happy-go-lucky type whom Jean first married. He wanted to charter a little sailboat for their honeymoon, but she told him if *that* was his idea of a honeymoon to go by himself. He did and—sad, sad—never returned. He has been declared legally dead and Jean marries his staid business partner, Mr. D. No sooner are they happily settled down than Fred turns up. They talk things over and decide she must choose one and the other will immediately go out of her life. But she can't make up her mind. She looks them over, thinking of their good points and bad. Suddenly Fred, who has been sauntering about, leaps nimbly over a chair, casts a side glance at Jean and Mel and continues his sauntering.

"What was the idea of that?" Mel demands.

"Can you do it?" Fred goads him.

"I could if there was a reason for doing it," Mel bristles.

"I say you can't," Fred needles him.

"Is that reason enough?"

"No!" Mr. Douglas shouts. "Can you spell *Pithecanthropus Erectus*?"

Fred quickly spells it. "Is that right?" Jean queries.

"Yes," Mel admits grudgingly. Suddenly he runs towards a high chair and tries to leap over it. He and the chair topple to the floor.

"Henry!" Jean screeches. "Are you hurt?" She rushes to kneel beside him as he sits up and wags his head dazedly while Fred rights the chair.

"A man of your years shouldn't try a thing like that," Fred admonishes him.

"My years!" Mel yelps. "I'm only three years older than you."

"Yes," Fred agrees, "but those are the years that count." Having delivered himself he takes a nimble little approach step and tries his fifth leap. This time he crashes to the floor beside Mel.

Jean crawls on her knees over to him. "I knew this would happen," she moans.

"His years started counting," Mel interjects viciously.

Claude Binyon is standing beside me

grinning pleasedly.

"I've never before been one of Fred's admirers," I whisper to Claude, "but he's sure doing a swell job of *this* part."

"Haven't been one of his admirers!" Claude ejaculates. "What do you want?"

"Well," I defend myself, "I've known him ever since he first came into pictures and this is the first time I've ever seen any evidence of a sense of humor."

"He's so shy and self-conscious," Claude tells me, "he never lets himself go around people until he really knows them and it takes at least a year of pretty constant association to get to know him."

I guess he's right because the people who *do* know Fred swear by him.

Having disposed of Fred, we'll leave him to his antics and proceed to—

Warner Brothers

THREE pictures going here and all of them Class A productions.

First there's "Saturday's Children," with John Garfield and Anne Shirley. If there are two better actors in pictures I haven't seen them. In addition, this play once won the Pulitzer prize as the best play of the year. This scene is where John is bringing Anne home from their first date. They pause in front of the building where she lives.

"Had another car," he tells her then stops and laughs. "But, say—all the talk's been about me. What about you? Tell me about yourself."

"To begin with," she informs him, "I'm twenty-one."

"Your father told me nineteen," he objects.

"Oh," Anne brushes that aside, "he always adds two years to mother's age and takes two off mine. No, I'm 21 and I wear glasses when I read."

He looks at her appraisingly. "You're pretty straight-forward at that. Will you be as honest when you're thirty?"

"No," she rejoins promptly. "By then I'll be using Dad's arithmetic."

"You know," he speculates, "you certainly are an honest gal."

"You said that before," she reminds him.

"A miracle like that is worth repeating," he assures her. "You wouldn't let me take a cab. Mention a cab to most dames and their eyes light up—you'd think they were getting a rake-off from the driver. Those things are important. And you wouldn't lie about your age. That alone gets you in the Hall of Fame—"

"I've been there," she interrupts smiling. "It looks draughty."

"I've never run across a dame yet that wouldn't lie just for the sake of lying," he says, more to himself than her. "If they're working it's just for a lark—they don't need the dough. They all get seven dates a week and they're crazy about 'The Better Things'—like poetry."

"Cut!" calls the director and John and Anne come up to shake hands and chat—he to tell me about the play he is to do in New York as soon as he finishes this picture and she to tell me about the dress shop she wants to open. We have a swell time but there are other sets to cover.

SO WE come to the next stage where "We Shall Meet Again" is shooting with George Brent and Merle Oberon. This is a re-make of a picture Kay Francis and William Powell once made called "One Way Passage" and, except for "Street of Chance" which the same two made, I think it is the best picture they ever did.

It's about a man and woman who meet aboard a ship bound from China to California. He is an escaped criminal being taken back to be hanged and she is an heiress with an incurable malady who is going home to die. They fall desperately in love and each, knowing nothing of the other, knows the love is hopeless. They spend one wonderful day in Honolulu when the boat docks there and make a date to meet there a year from that day, each knowing all the time the date will never be kept.

In this scene George is standing at the bar and the ship is approaching San Francisco. Merle joins him, but he doesn't see her at first. "Hello, Dan," she murmurs, her voice carefully casual.

George looks, is startled and then regains his composure. "Hello, Joan," he smiles.

The barman has moved away. Their eyes hold again and once more the old, old look passes between them. "The luck's come back," she whispers.

"This time in full measure," he nods. "We can't spare a drop," she cautions him.

"No," he agrees, "it's much too precious."

She raises her glass: "To this important second!" They drain their glasses and then he glances out thru the door towards the ocean.

"Look! Sunset!"

As they move towards the deck all the opalescent colors of the setting sun are reflected in the sky.

It probably doesn't read like much of a scene, but wait until you see it. If you can watch these two—their hearts pouring out of their eyes while their lips form commonplaces, without a lump in your throat you're more hardboiled than I, and that's being pretty hardboiled.

As if the story and cast weren't enough, William Keighley is directing this and there isn't a better director in the business for this kind of picture than Bill.

THE last picture on this lot is a rowdy comedy—"Three Cheers for the Irish."

Thomas Mitchell, the father of Priscilla Lane, Virginia Grey and Irene Hervey, has been a cop for twenty-five years. Just when he thinks he's to be promoted he gets retired and to make matters worse his successor (Dennis Morgan) is not only a rookie, but a Scotchman—enough to make any self-respecting Irishman's blood boil. And THEN, to cap the climax, one night when Tom is having a few friends in to celebrate, Denny knocks on the door to tell them they're disturbing the peace. Mr. Mitchell is about to have a stroke of apoplexy, but Priscilla shoos him back into the apartment while she attempts to placate Morgan. Mr. Morgan

is easily placated for he has fallen in love with her at sight. But just when things are quieting down Mr. Mitchell bursts out into the hall again.

"Maureen," he yells indignantly, "come in out of the hallway and don't waste any more time talking to that Scotchman."

"Mr. Casey," Dennis hisses through clenched teeth, getting sore for the first time, "as I told ye before, it's not Scotchman—it's Scotsman."

"If I was anything like it I wouldn't go around shoutin' about it, you—you foreigner," Mitchell flings at him. "Git in the house Maureen," giving her a shove and closing the door after them.

Dennis faces the door and raises his clenched fist. "Oh, a foreigner, am I?" he shouts furiously. "And you with a brogue so thick you could blow it through a bagpipe and it would still come out Irish. It's enough to try the patience of a saint!"

Mr. Morgan, who is as Irish as Paddy's pig, himself, has a swell Scotch burr. And, although she isn't in this scene, it's enough for me to know that Virginia Grey is in this picture and that Warners appreciate her talents even if her home studio (M-G-M) doesn't seem to.

From Warner Brothers I skip over to—

Universal

"IT'S A DATE," is in the works here.

This is the new Deanna Durbin picture with Kay Francis co-starred. Kay plays the part of a glamorous actress—Deanna's mother.

She is in Honolulu when Deanna arrives and Kay has come out to the ship to meet her. Deanna is flying around packing and talking a blue streak at the same time. "Mummy," Deanna pauses suddenly, "I need you terribly."

And Kay, happy beyond dreams, grabs her and hugs her. "I'm glad my little girl needs me," she says quietly. "You've grown up so quickly I feel I'm losing someone I used to know."

"If it was up to a certain someone on this boat, you'd've really lost me," Deanna laughs, releasing herself and continuing packing.

"A man!" Kay surmises apprehensively. And then, as Deanna nods, rolling her eyes owlishly, Kay continues, "Honey, a romance on shipboard—I hope you're not being serious about—"

Deanna breaks out in laughter which stops Kay. "You're acting like a mother in a play! You're naive, Mummy, really."

"Never mind my being naive," Kay counters. "I'm old enough to be your mother. What did you tell this—this—man?"

"I told this—this—man," Deanna replies mimicking her, "that I was in no position to listen to him. But," smiling, "it made awfully good listening. I could've fallen in love with him in a minute."

"Pam," Kay almost whispers, "I'd like to have a talk with you sometime—about those minutes."

As she comes off the set, Kay slips and falls. There is a half muffled cry. She's

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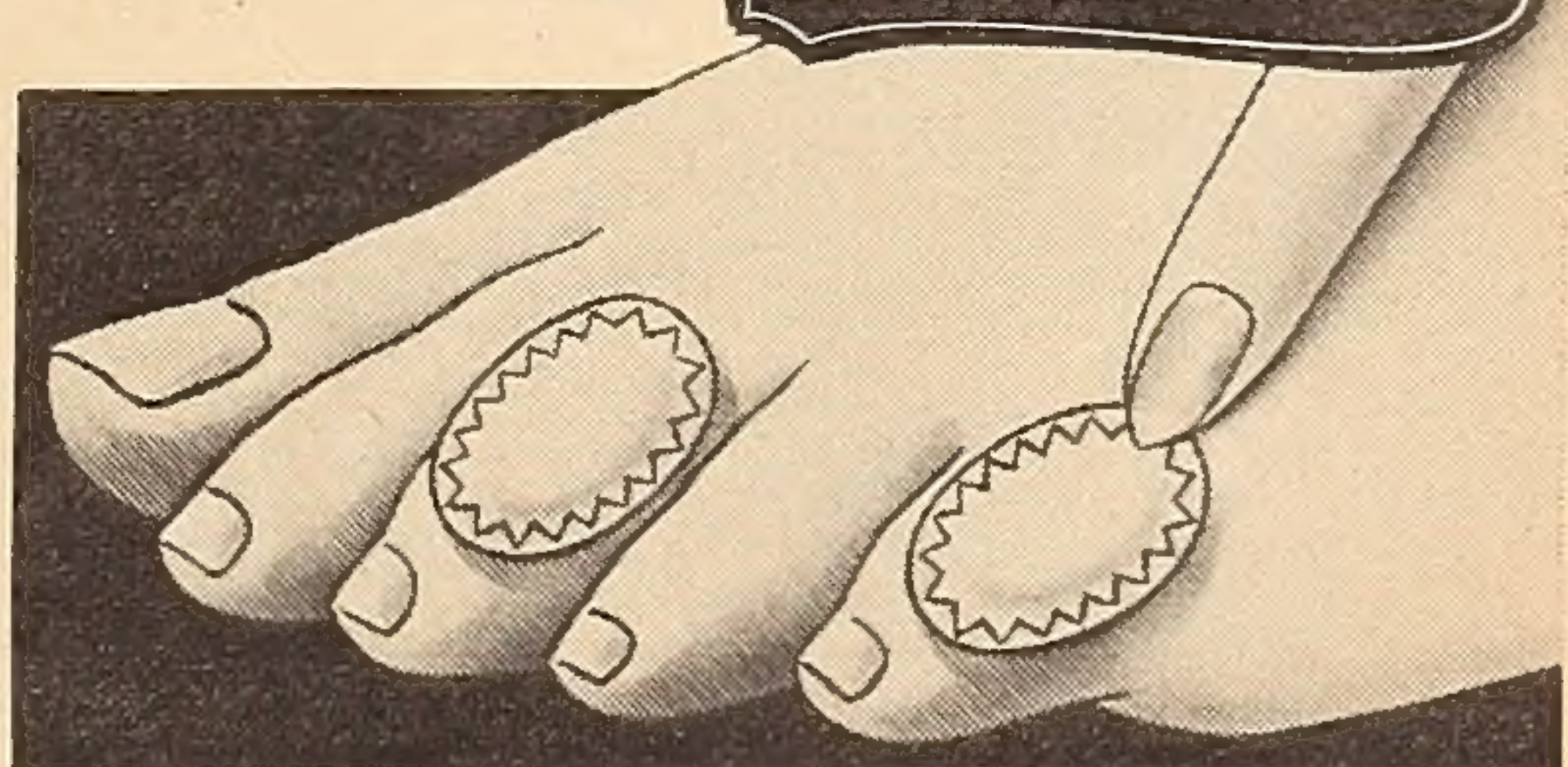
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sprained her knee. Pandemonium reigns for no one knows how serious it is and if she has to go to bed it will hold up production. It's serious enough for her to go to bed, all right, but against the doctor's orders, Kay refuses. They hustle her under a lamp and bake her knee for an hour then tape it up so tight I don't see how the girl can move, but she goes right on back working. What a trouper!

THERE are two other pictures shooting out here—"The House of Seven Gables," with Margaret Lindsay, Nan Grey, Vincent Price, George Sanders and Dick Foran, taken from Hawthorne's novel; and "Black Friday," with Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff, but one is on location and the other on the process stage so we'll have to skip them and proceed to—

Reviews

[Continued from page 75]

proved in this film, Vivien had the same fascinating qualities that made her such a perfect Scarlett. As Liberty, the little Cockney guttersnipe who steals whatever she can get her hands on, and who eventually becomes a famous musical comedy star on the London stage, Vivien has the same vixenish quality, the same smouldering intensity, the same flashing eyes, and the same beguiling sweetness. Vivien Leigh's Scarlett, it is proved conclusively by this film alone, is no flash in the pan. The story has to do with the buskers (*sidewalk performers*), who entertain the crowds on the London streets nightly with their music, dancing, and recitations. Charles Laughton plays a sad-eyed busker whose specialty is recitations, and it is he who recognizes talent in Liberty and is the means of pushing her to the top. Naturally, she forgets her benefactor and poor Charles takes to drink while Vivien becomes the toast of London. Excellent in the cast are Rex Harrison, Tyrone Guthrie, Bart Cormack, Gus McNaughton, and Larry Adler who performs miracles with the harmonica. After all his brutal and gruesome characterizations of late it is indeed pleasant to find the talented Mr. Laughton in the role of a simple, dim-witted busker.

REMEMBER THE NIGHT

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS—Paramount

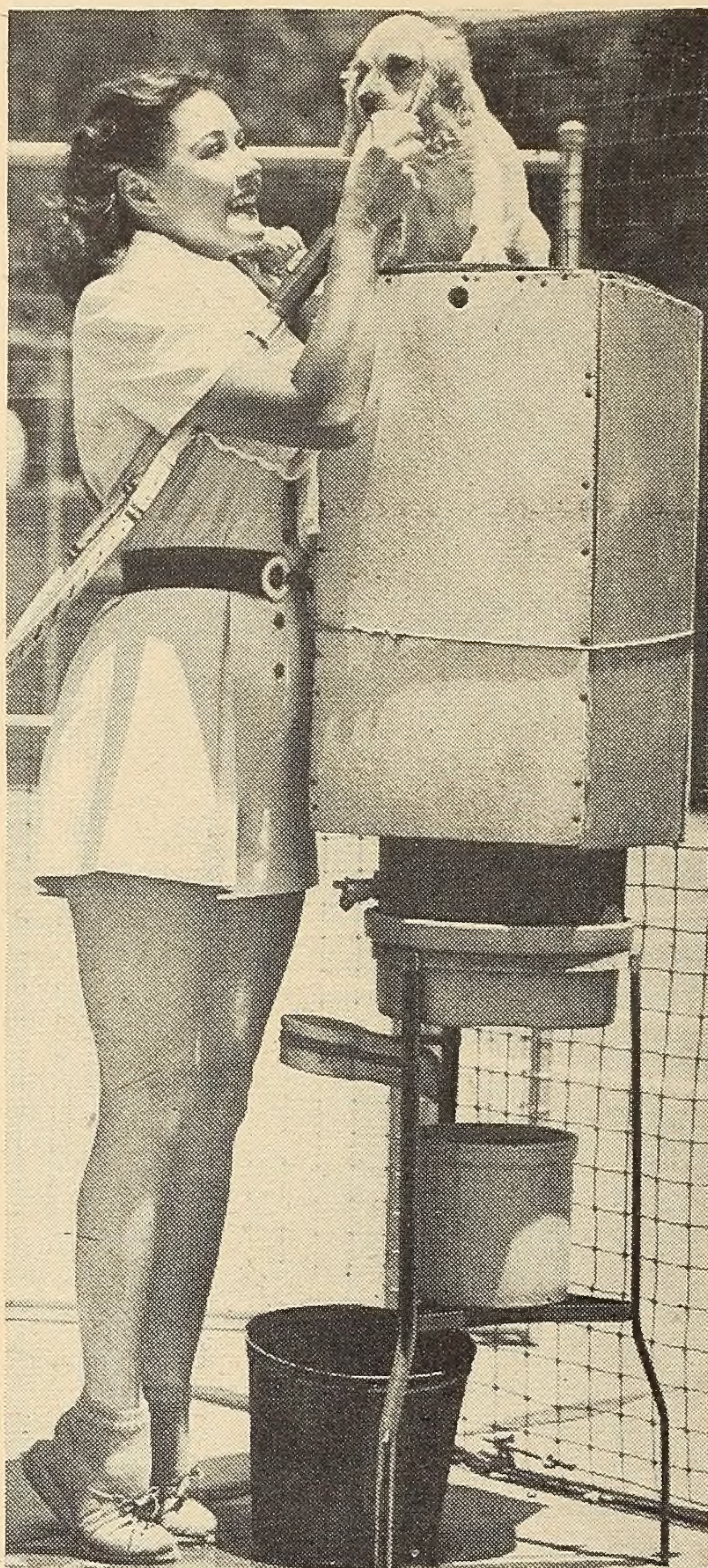
BARBARA STANWYCK and Fred MacMurray give two of the best performances of their careers (*and that's not belittling*) in this highly enjoyable comedy-drama which is bound to please you no end. Barbara plays a lady crook, caught in the act of walking off with an expensive bracelet, who is being prosecuted by young assistant district attorney MacMurray, and who is a cinch for being sent to the clink. But it's the day before Christmas, and Fred has a guilty conscience, and obtains her release on bail so she can at least enjoy her turkey dinner on the right side of the bars. But before he realizes it Barbara is in his car with him, on his way to his Indiana home to spend Christmas with his mother and

M-G-M

THERE are three pictures going here—"Forty Little Mothers," starring Eddie Cantor, "Edison, the Man," starring Spencer Tracy, and an untitled picture starring Frank Morgan, with Billie Burke featured, but they're all just starting so we'll proceed to—

20th Century-Fox

"DANCE with the Devil," starring Tyrone Power is on location so that, too, will have to wait. Left, is "I Was An Adventuress," starring Zorina and featuring Erich Von Stroheim and Peter Lorre, with the one and only Gregory Ratoff directing. The set is closed, but Mr. Ratoff relents and lets me on with the distinct understanding that I stay



Marjorie Weaver, comely 20th Century-Fox starlet, quenches a thirst. You'll see her in "Shooting High."

his aunt. In this homey atmosphere of the Indiana farm, with Aunt Elizabeth Patterson teaching her how to bake, and Mother Beulah Bondi fussing over her, Barbara feels the pangs of regeneration. Even with the young attorney in love with her, and ready to throw the case, Barbara insists upon confessing her guilt and paying the penalty. It may sound phony, but with the excellent direction of Mitchell Leisen, and the very natural acting of Barbara, and the cast, it turns out to be a very real picture about real people, and you'll love it.

"vay in de beckground." To save my life I couldn't tell you what this scene is about for when I'm around Mr. Ratoff nothing else registers. What a showman that man is! All actors want to be directors and he's a swell one, but when they let him quit acting to direct I think the screen lost more than it gained. And that leaves only—

Paramount

TWO pictures shooting here—"Down Went McGinty," with Brian Donlevy and Akim Tamiroff, and "The Woman from Hell," with Ralph Bellamy, Paul Kelly, Neil Hamilton and John Miljan, but they're both just finishing for the day. So, taking my cue from them, I, too, call it a day, but it's been a wonderful day.

Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 56]

Twentieth Century is preparing a script suitable for Tyrone and Annabella.

Margaret Lindsay was terribly pleased and flattered the other day when one of the grips on the set of "The House of the Seven Gables" (nothing to do with Carole and Clark) told her that in the seventeen years he had been in the studio he liked her better than any other actress. Grips are quite hard-boiled about the acting profession, they see too many disagreeable and temperamental stars, so when a grip likes you it's a real compliment.

At a dinner in Hollywood attended by sports writers recently Gene Autry was the guest of honor, and got the biggest laugh of the evening when he was called on for a speech, and said: "I don't know how many of you people have seen me in pictures for my pictures play only the small towns. They play towns so small that even Mrs. Roosevelt hasn't visited them."

For a thirteenth wedding anniversary present Jack Benny gave Mary Livingstone a wedding ring with thirteen ruby hearts inscribed: "Thirteen years of love and happiness and it's only just started. Doll." Mary has always called Jack "Doll." He'll take it from her, but don't let anybody else try it. "He's a perfect husband," sighs Mary, "if only he'd learn to rhumba."

Paramount has made the horrible discovery that "Rochester" (in real life Eddie Anderson) has absolutely no sales resistance. Smart salesmen have unloaded on him five race horses of doubtful parentage, a yacht, a restaurant, and a prizefighter. When he made a down payment on an airplane Paramount decided it was time to step in. So now Rochester has a detective following him around to see that he doesn't buy anything.



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OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND knows no woman can afford to neglect the charm of perfect *daintiness*. She uses her complexion soap as a daily bath soap, too, because it has **ACTIVE** lather—makes you *sure*. When you step out of a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you're fresh from top to toe. Your skin is sweet, fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

YOU will love a luxurious daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap—a bath that makes daintiness *sure!* This gentle complexion soap has **ACTIVE** lather that leaves skin *really* clean —fresh and sweet.



The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use



Actual color photograph—The girls help tie the leaves in bundles. The tobacco is part of better-than-ever crops grown by U. S. Government methods.

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